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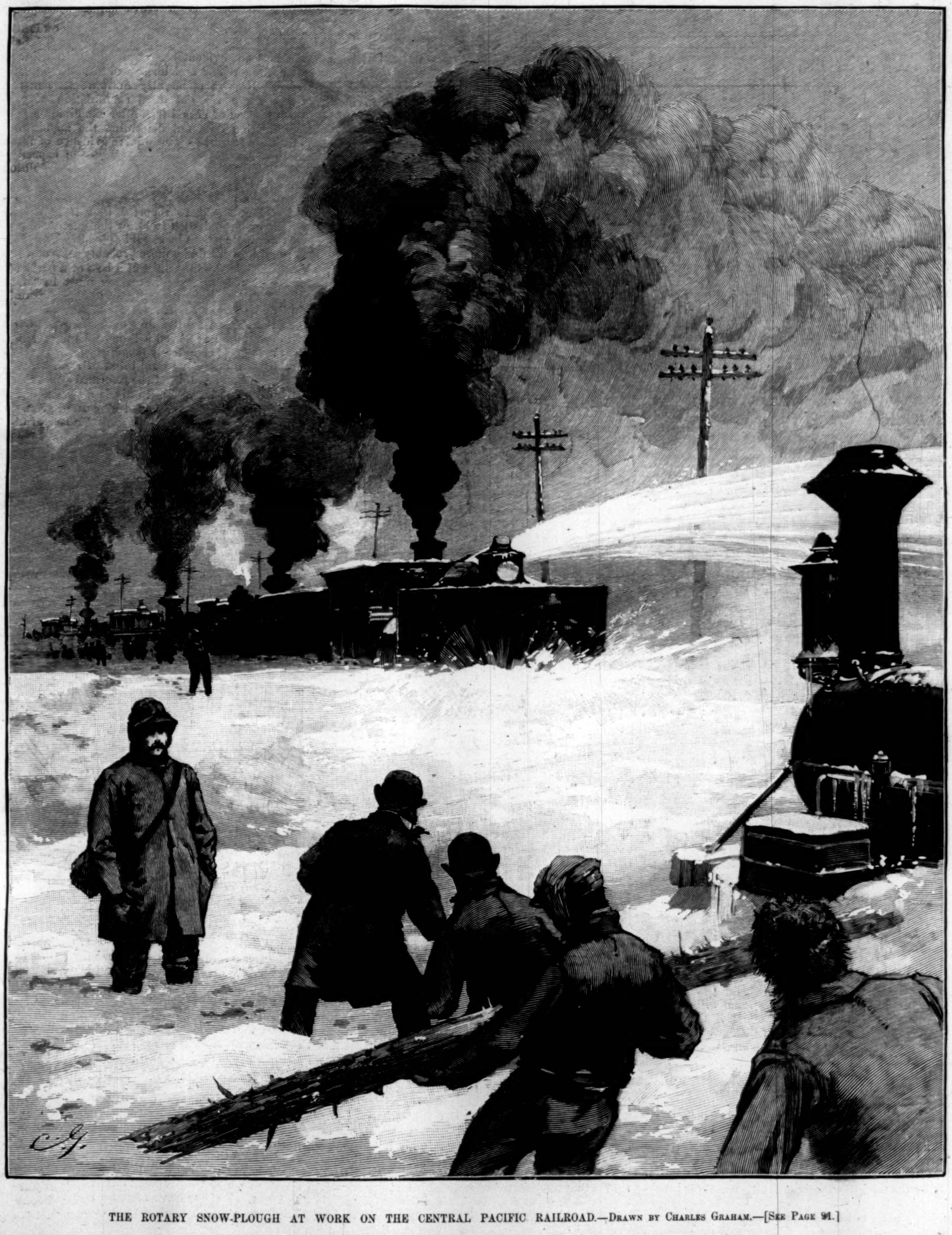

THE ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 91.]

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THE POLITICAL LULL.

THE public situation is singular. As we write, there is no practical measure of importance pending in Congress, although the scheme of revised rules will be probably under discussion when this paper is issued, and possibly an election bill. The newspapers are commenting upon policies not yet practically proposed, like the tariff, which we have always with us, or a Southern electoral law. The practical comments of the moment, however, are upon the President's exercise of his power of appointment and removal, and upon the scheme which properly has no political character whatever—the World's Fair of 1892. The calm will not long continue. It may be disturbed simultaneously with the issue of this paper by the agitation of the new rules of procedure in the House of Representatives. The principles which should be regarded in those rules are too evident for debate. The only question will be whether those principles are plainly respected by the proposed scheme. The essential points are two. The majority must be assured the right of voting without unreasonable delay, and the minority must be assured the reasonable right of debate. We say reasonable, because all parliamentary experience and parliamentary rules show that there is such a thing as unreasonable debate. It is obvious that without some method of stopping discussion all legislation could be prevented, and the very purpose of a Parliament or Congress frustrated.

The sympathy of intelligent citizens will support the rules which are to be proposed, if they shall fairly secure the two rights which we mention, without trick or subterfuge. The majority, while maintaining its unquestionable right of decision, must be moderate, and the minority must beware of a seductive fallacy. The plea of filibustering, or what is really revolutionary resistance to the parliamentary majority, is that it is intended to prevent tyranny and injustice upon the part of the majority. The answer to this allegation is that the majority is not responsible to the minority for its misconduct but to the country, while the prevention of legislation by the minority under any plea whatever is subversive of popular government. Consequently the majority must be able to end talk and to take action, even to adopt what the minority may hold to be unconstitutional, revolutionary, or unjust legislation, being accountable to the country, which will correct the evil by electing Representatives to repeal the law. This is the only practicable doctrine of popular parliamentary proceeding. Any other would annul the fundamental principle of government by the majority.

The majority, however, will be very foolish if it attempt in any way to restrain reasonable debate. It is very true that important legislation in Congress is a foregone conclusion. The majority is a party majority, and through its agent, the Speaker, appoints party committees, whose recommendations practically conclude legislation. When an important bill is reported, therefore, the result of the vote is foreknown by both sides; correction of detail may be made, but it is very seldom that a bill of importance reported by a party committee is defeated by the party majority. In this situation it is felt that debate is not a discussion of merits which, according to the force of the argument, will determine the passage or the rejection of the bill. It is an opportunity embraced by the minority for a party appeal to the country, to effect, perhaps, in the constituency what it cannot effect in Congress. Representatives are elected because their minds are already convinced, not because they are open to conviction. If a Republican elected as a protectionist should honestly yield to the force of argument and vote for a revenue revision of the tariff, he would be denounced as a traitor, and so *vice versa* on the Democratic side. The fiction of debate, therefore, must not be taken too seriously nor pushed too far by the minority. The majority has the right to legislate, and the minority has not the right to prevent legislation.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

WHOEVER looks at the map of South America, and sees how enormous a part of it is occupied by Brazil, and then reflects upon its immense natural resources, will feel that the present political situation in that country is of very great importance. Like all great and sudden revolutions, the late revolutionary movement has been already felt elsewhere, and the final result is a matter of the highest interest and speculation. Every day confirms the good sense of the course taken by our own government, which is simply that of friendly anticipation. There are excellent newspaper correspondents upon the ground, and none better than Mr. GILSON, of the New York *Times*, who has the felicity of saying what the public naturally wishes to know. The estimated population of the country in 1888 was about 14,000,000; of these there were 220,000 qualified voters, and of these not more than 500 were aware of the scheme to overthrow the empire. In no sense whatever, therefore, was there a spontaneous popular movement to overthrow the government.

There was, indeed, a very general impression that the empire would not survive the Emperor, but this feeling was that of intelligent persons who also believed that the country was not ripe for republican institutions. That, however, is apt to be the feeling of intelligent people under any monarchical system which is not outrageously oppressive. But the fact, we are assured, is indisputable that of the 14,000,000 people in Brazil, not more than 500,000 are of sufficient intelligence to qualify them for the highest duties of citizenship, and of these 500,000 only a very few comprehend local self-government—the tap-root of a republic—or can conceive government without central authority. This situation is evidently understood by the chiefs of the provisional government, who have delayed the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly until a year from the date of the revolution, and in the mean while, by edicts and the formulation of constitutional provisions, are striving to prepare the public mind for republican institutions. Suffrage is extended to all who can read and write, and all foreigners who were in the country at the date of the revolution are made citizens, and consequently voters. But even with this liberality the number of voters, it is estimated, will not exceed a million, and of this number foreigners will be a very considerable proportion. This shows the general illiteracy of the country, and the consciousness of the leaders that they must depend largely upon the intelligence of foreign residents.

Dom PEDRO'S character is more clearly disclosed by later accounts. He is described as a very amiable, humane, superficial man, a smatterer in accomplishments, benevolently bent upon the emancipation of the slaves, but not of comprehension to grasp the real situation of the territory, nor of power to control it. The imperial government was corrupt throughout. The smallest service was not rendered without a fee. The judges were systematically bribed. Even had the Emperor been a man of greater ability, his instruments were untrustworthy. This is the people and these are the traditions of government from which a republic is to be constructed. Mr. GILSON thinks that the best to be expected is an improvement upon the Spanish American republics. The people are not turbulent nor likely to create disturbances, and among the leaders are really able and patriotic men, who will try honestly to solve wisely the two great problems, the public revenue and the division of lands, which will be very difficult. They will hope to attract immigrants by free and honest government and cheap lands. Meanwhile no serious attempt to restore the old monarchical régime is to be apprehended. There was general respect for Dom PEDRO as an excellent man, but it was universally recognized that he was not a good ruler, and it was known that his mind was weakened. There is no more interesting political spectacle than the change which Brazil is now undergoing.

READY FOR INVESTIGATION.

MR. HOUK, of Tennessee, and Mr. EWART, of North Carolina, are very anxious that the Civil Service Commission shall be investigated, and the ardor of their desire is surpassed only by that of the Commission itself. The three Commissioners met Mr. HOUK and Mr. EWART in the room of the Committee on Reform, and earnestly requested the most thorough inquiry. Mr. HOUK is evidently unfamiliar with the law and with the purpose and history of the reform movement. He was apparently unaware that appointments are made, not upon examination only, but upon the test of actual trial after examination. The examination does not determine the appointment. It merely furnishes presumptive evidence of fitness. In the old system no other evidence of capacity or fitness is required than the request of a politician who wishes to reward a henchman with the emoluments of a place.

Mr. HOUK said, as reported, that if he were an officer he should wish to know the qualifications of a subordinate whom he should appoint. Undoubtedly; and how would he more probably ascertain those qualifications, by the winks of a boss or a party committee signifying that a worker must be "recognized," or by the certificate of an impartial examination and of actual trial? If Mr. HOUK would look into the subject a little he would discover that all his objections have been a thousand times candidly considered and completely demolished. He said that no business concern would think of such a method of appointment as that of the reformed system. But he is mistaken because not only is a system of independent examinations adopted by certain great companies, but no man of business in his senses would ever appoint a clerk in the manner or for the reasons that public employés are selected under the spoils system. Moreover, he knows that the public appointing officer is not an agent in such matters. A Secretary of the Treasury once made the same objection that Mr. HOUK urges, but upon being pressed admitted that he did not make appointments because of his personal knowledge and satisfaction, but because of the necessity of gratifying Senators and other people of importance.

The immense multitude of appointments are made not upon personal knowledge, but upon information, and the information derived from a fair examination and trial is very much superior to that obtained from professional politicians. Mr. HOUK and Mr. EWART may be well assured, as Commissioner ROOSEVELT told them, that it is not the friends of reform who oppose the fullest investigation and the utmost publicity. The two gentlemen will find also that the testimony to the great benefit of the reformed system to the public service is not confined to Secretary WINDOM, but proceeds from superior officers in the service belonging to all parties. Misconduct and errors in all offices may undoubtedly be found; but that, of course, is not the object of Messrs. HOUK and EWART, who object to the principle of reformed administration.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION BILL.

THERE is evidently no haste upon the part of the majority in Congress to proceed to the passage of a law giving to the national government the supervision of Congressional elections in the States. This is a wise reluctance. Careful regard for traditions and long-established practices, and for the facts of the situation, is a cardinal element of wise statesmanship. Whatever a Constitutional power may be, the fact of its existence does not necessarily justify its exercise. There is no principle more fundamental in our political system than local self-government, and its disturbance and invasion under any plea are most hazardous to the general welfare. The consciousness of this local power is one of the chief moral bulwarks of the national union. The smallest State would regard the control of its Congressional elections by national officers with a jealousy not less than that of New York and Pennsylvania. Granting the Constitutional power, only the extremest exigency and the plainest proof that the extreme remedy would accomplish the result desired would authorize its use as the lesser evil.

We have recently stated the Republican view of the situation which the proposed election law is designed to affect. But we have seen no important Republican organ which ventures the declaration that the

proposed law would really solve the difficulty. But if that effect is not reasonably clear as the necessary consequence of such a law, but improbable in the highest degree, the passage of the law would be a monstrous and mischievous error. The fact of the existence of a difficulty is not a valid reason for the adoption of any remedy for it that may be suggested. This is acknowledged in the case of prohibition. The immense majority of intelligent Americans concede the enormous evils of intemperance. But they do not therefore agree that a law to prevent intemperance by abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquors would be sensible or effective. They hold that under existing circumstances, as well as upon sound principles, it is better to regulate the sale, and to trust to moral influences and sanitary considerations. This is the result of the indispensable consideration of the actual conditions of an evil before proceeding to devise methods of relief. It is a principle which cannot be more imperative in any case than in that of the interference with the colored vote in the Southern States.

In full view of the situation in districts where that vote is suppressed, neither the proposed law nor any other could assure a free vote, because the causes that restrain the vote are not amenable to law. No man has expressed himself more strongly in favor of doing something, if anything could be done effectively, than President HARRISON when he was a Senator. Yet he said at last, in the Senate four years ago, and his words may be accepted as those of the great intelligent body of the American people:

"I have looked hopefully in the old times to the forcible intervention of the government in their defence. I have thought that it might be possible, under that stringent legislation which Congress adopted, by the forcible intervention of the Federal authority to protect them in those rights of which they were so cruelly deprived. But I have ceased to have faith in the possibility of that intervention in their behalf, constituted as this government is, with its complex organization of Federal and State governments, independent within certain limitations."

It must be remembered, moreover, as was distinctly shown in the case of the Force Bill of 1871, that there may be legislation to remedy acknowledged evils which will outrun public sympathy, and without moral support could have no practical effect whatever. That act, as ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, one of the wisest of our political students, too early lost, wisely and truly said, "went farther than the instincts of the American people would follow Congress." The proposed act would be of the same kind. It would be a *brutum fulmen*, which the most humane and patriotic sentiment of the country would deeply deplore.

THE FAIR.

SPEAKER REED has appointed a special committee of nine upon the World's Fair which is universally satisfactory. Each of the contesting cities has two representatives upon the committee, and the chairman, Mr. CANDLER, of Massachusetts, is not a partisan of any of the contestants, and is a very acceptable chief. Mr. SPRINGER, an ardent member from Illinois, is anxious to have the House proceed at once to ballot to determine the place where the Fair shall be held, and to continue balloting until a decision is reached.

This is the course that will be pursued ultimately, because the committee cannot be expected to report unanimously, and the House will have to choose between the reports. Mr. SPRINGER says that many Democrats are opposed to holding any Fair except upon a guarantee that the national government shall not pay any bills. But unless in some way the Fair receives unequivocally the national sanction, and is in effect a national enterprise, it will be regarded as a private undertaking, of which foreign exhibitors will be very wary.

The New York Legislature has unanimously petitioned Congress that New York may be chosen as the site for the Fair, and the law which has been drafted by the Committee on Legislation has been approved, and will be introduced and undoubtedly passed by the Legislature. Mr. FLOWER and Mr. BELDEN are the New York members of the special committee of the House, and they will spare no effort to secure the prize for the city of New York. But we observe no indication in the reports from Washington of the real disposition of Congress. Such votes as have been taken show only great uncertainty. Yet probably the country would be exceedingly surprised if any other place than New York should be finally selected.

RAPID TRANSIT.

RAPID transit in New York is almost a national interest, so enormous is the constant arrival in the city of visitors from every part of the Union. Of course in a community so teeming with politics and jobbery, and permanently confronted with Tammany Hall, a scheme for the purpose which is "as clean as a hound's tooth" is very difficult to devise. But such a scheme, Senator FASSETT assures us, is contained in the bill reported by him in the Senate of New York. The bill creates a commission of seven persons—the Mayor and six other citizens—and the names mentioned in the bill were received at once with general favor and pleasure as those of respected and trustworthy gentlemen. Their powers are large, but large powers of the kind may be always safely granted to such men.

They are to decide upon the necessity of rapid transit, select the routes, and determine the kind of transit. Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Broadway below Thirty-third Street, Fourth Avenue above Forty-second, and the streets now occupied by elevated roads, are excluded from selection; but Broadway may be crossed, and a road beneath Broadway is not forbidden. The selection of the route—and this is a droll constitutional concession to a fiction of proper local government—must be approved by the Aldermen, and the consent of half the property owners upon the line must be secured, or the land condemned by a commission appointed by the Supreme Court. When this is all accomplished, the franchise must be sold at public auction, and the road is to be built and operated under the provisions of the act and the control of the Rapid Transit Commission.

By common consent this is an excellent scheme. It promises prompt relief where relief is required, and it brings intelligence, character, and ability to the solution of one of the perplexing problems of the city. It is, indeed, a pleasant reminder of the time when such qualities were thought desirable and even indispensable in all municipal administration. It is the first measure of importance introduced in the Legislature at this session, and it will be fortunate if it proves to be a precedent. If this Legislature should pass a wise ballot reform law, a good license law, and a rapid transit law like that of Mr. FASSETT, and abstain from the old childish game of "putting a Governor in a hole," it would be gratefully remembered.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

PUBLIC interest in the case of the Adirondack region has received a fresh impulse from the Governor's message recommending the reservation of the portion owned by the State and under the supervision of the Forest Commission as a park. The duties of the Forest Commission are limited to the preservation of the woods, and the Governor therefore suggests a special commission to inquire into the expediency, practicability, and cost of such a park, perhaps fifty or seventy miles square. This tract should include the wilder portions and the head waters of the Hudson River.

The Governor remarks that the Adirondacks have become a great summer and winter resort for the whole country, and his recommendation is valuable as a sign of the thorough awakening of the State to the necessity of a supervision of the northern forests so comprehensive and thorough that the dangers of the long negligence by which the State has grievously suffered may be arrested. The agitation of this subject in the press has been most salutary, and the faithful and intelligent persistence in the good work of *Garden and Forest* has been of the greatest service.

This recommendation by the Governor, like that of the system of State roads in his annual message, will be greeted with a *si sic omnia!* A reformed ballot law is quite as essential to the welfare of New York as an Adirondack Park, and a sound and effective license law would promote straight travel upon the State roads that the Governor proposes. It might be supposed that the satisfaction derived even from proposing a good thing might tempt a Governor to try the pleasure of doing good things. The renown that his administration would gain from an effective reformed ballot law would eclipse that obtained from a great Adirondack Park.

CASTELAR UPON PAN-AMERICA.

CASTELAR, the Spanish republican leader, has written a paper upon the Pan-American Congress which is in singular accord in its conclusions with the article of Mr. ALBERT G. BROWNE, to which we recently referred. CASTELAR recognizes the fact that the Spanish American and the Anglo-Saxon American are not yet in accord, and therefore that an "inner and spiritual" unity is impossible. He holds that there is but one sort of analogy between the North Americans and the South Americans, and that is the more or less republican character of their institutions. Even in this, however, the divergence is greater than the resemblance. A North American republican is politically hardly at home in a South American republic.

But what chiefly strikes CASTELAR is the antagonism of interests between the two kinds of Americans. The United States are based upon a principle of internal centralization and external expansion. They close their frontiers to imports and open them to immigration. They could not be independent of foreign influence without excluding foreign imports, but proclaiming human rights they could not prohibit foreign immigration. This is rather a poetic way of putting it. But, on the other hand, he says, when the South American republics separated from Europe they welcomed universal industry, and opened trade with all the world. And then the poet asks the very practical question, "How can they be supposed to want that curious *Zollverein* which will compel them to buy dear American goods when they can get them cheap and in abundance from Europe?" A customs union he holds to be the only practical question for the congress. Señor CASTELAR regards Mr. BLAINE as of a Utopian and dreamy mind, and really aiming at the rule of a single people over two hemispheres, a hope which in CASTELAR'S judgment would be resisted by both North and South America. South America must be united at home, and to that point the republics are approaching. But in our country, he thinks, the delegates will find everything strange, and much from which they will shrink. These views are extremely interesting as those of the most famous living Spaniard.

PATIENCE.

THE general discussion of the question of colored citizenship which has largely occupied the press in the absence of pending Congressional measures of importance, and the meeting of the colored National Convention, have resulted plainly in two conclusions: one, which we consider elsewhere, that national legislation in aid of colored citizens cannot effectively go farther; and the other, that some restriction of suffrage not based upon color might be a wise expedient for some of the Southern States. Universal suffrage exists in no State. In New York certain conditions of naturalization, sex, age, residence, and registration determine who shall vote. The restrictions exclude about four-fifths of the population, and are determined by expediency, not by principle.

If to these restrictions, which generally exist also in Southern States, some impartial and reasonable requirement of education and property were added, much of the apprehension which justly arises from an absolutely unenlightened vote, such as that which has to be considered in Brazil, would disappear. It would be at least an experiment worth considering. Undoubtedly it would be an experiment which it would be hard to persuade the present body of voters unanimously to adopt, and in any other States than those which are situated like some of the Southern States it would be impossible.

It may be impossible there. But the discussion will have the benefit of reminding us that it is not the ballot, but the intelligence to use it well, that secures good government. LOUIS NAPOLEON prated of the plébiscite and of his enormous support by the votes of Frenchmen. But those votes cost France a humiliating war and an enormous loss of prestige. It must not be forgotten, however, that the chief reason for giving the ballot to the freedmen after the war was that the white ballot was not friendly to their welfare, and it seemed the only feasible way to secure their rights. The situation, indeed, has changed, and the remark of Commissioner and ex-Governor THOMPSON, of South Carolina, that what is now wanted is patience is a very wise suggestion.

MEMORIAL TABLETS.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has undertaken to raise a little subscription to place a tablet or plate, suitably inscribed, upon the house in Warwick Street, London, in which BROWNING wrote some of his books. This is a beautiful and pious custom which is known in other countries more than in England. In Florence, a plate upon Casa Guidi states that there Mrs. BROWNING lived and wrote "Aurora Leigh" and "Casa Guidi Windows" and the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In Weimar, the houses of Goethe and Schiller are designated in the same way. It is not usual in European towns, and invests them with peculiar interest, which our own towns are beginning at least to share.

In Albany, crossing the park in front of the Academy toward the Capitol, the passenger will observe a modest tablet upon the sward at the intersection of paths—a memorial of noted events of which the park was the scene. Other places in the city of historical interest are, we believe, similarly commemorated, so that the past is made present to the consciousness of the wayfarer. So, in Concord, Massachusetts, a town peculiarly rich in historical associations, there are stones and tablets duly placed and inscribed, all of them, as in Albany, witnesses of that public spirit which makes the greatness of republics.

In this country, however, it is sites, rather than houses, which can be thus signalized. The houses in which BRYANT and EMERSON and LONGFELLOW lived are not of durable material. Of the house in which BRYANT was born only an excavation where the cellar was remains. IRVING'S Sunnyside, we believe, is built of stone. In any event, the spot remains, and its association with him may be recalled by a simple monument. Like the planting of a tree which presently becomes a choir for birds and a curtain of shade for the traveller, the erection of a simple memorial like that projected by Mr. GOSSE will be a delight to thousands which otherwise they would not have known.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL OSSIAN D. ASHLEY, president of the Wabash Railroad Company, is a gentleman of kind but commanding appearance, and, although his life has been full of work, at the age of sixty-seven years he preserves the spring and action of one much younger. He has always been a close student, political economy and French literature giving him pleasant recreation when not absorbed in his business, and even at the present time, while a portion of every month is taken up by trips to the West in the interest of his railroad, the evenings he spends at his home in Twenty-third Street are largely devoted to reading. Years ago, when Colonel ASHLEY was a stock-broker in Boston, he wrote some of the earliest financial articles that ever appeared in the papers of that city, and has since written frequently on business and other topics for New York journals. At one time he was captain of the old Boston Tigers, but gained the title of colonel from the Thirty-seventh Regiment of this city.

—S. M. MINASIAN, the head of the Armenian colony in New York, is a wealthy retired merchant. He gained his property by long and skilfully conducted business between this city and Constantinople, and was one of the first to introduce American products and inventions into the Orient.

—A familiar figure is now missed in St. Peter's at Rome, death having removed PIETRO MARCOLINI, the only beggar to whom succeeding popes gave the privilege of pursuing his calling in the church. He accumulated a fortune of $10,000 during thirty years of begging.

—CHARLES J. CLINCH, who will be benefited to the extent of about $3,600,000 by the recent settlement of the STEWART will contest, was formerly United States consul at Bordeaux.

—DANIEL LOVERING, JUN., the Boston superintendent of the Adams Express Company, has used the corporation's wagons in the cause of humanity during the recent fires at the Hub, their voluntary aid in removing goods during the great conflagration of Thanksgiving Day being especially valued.

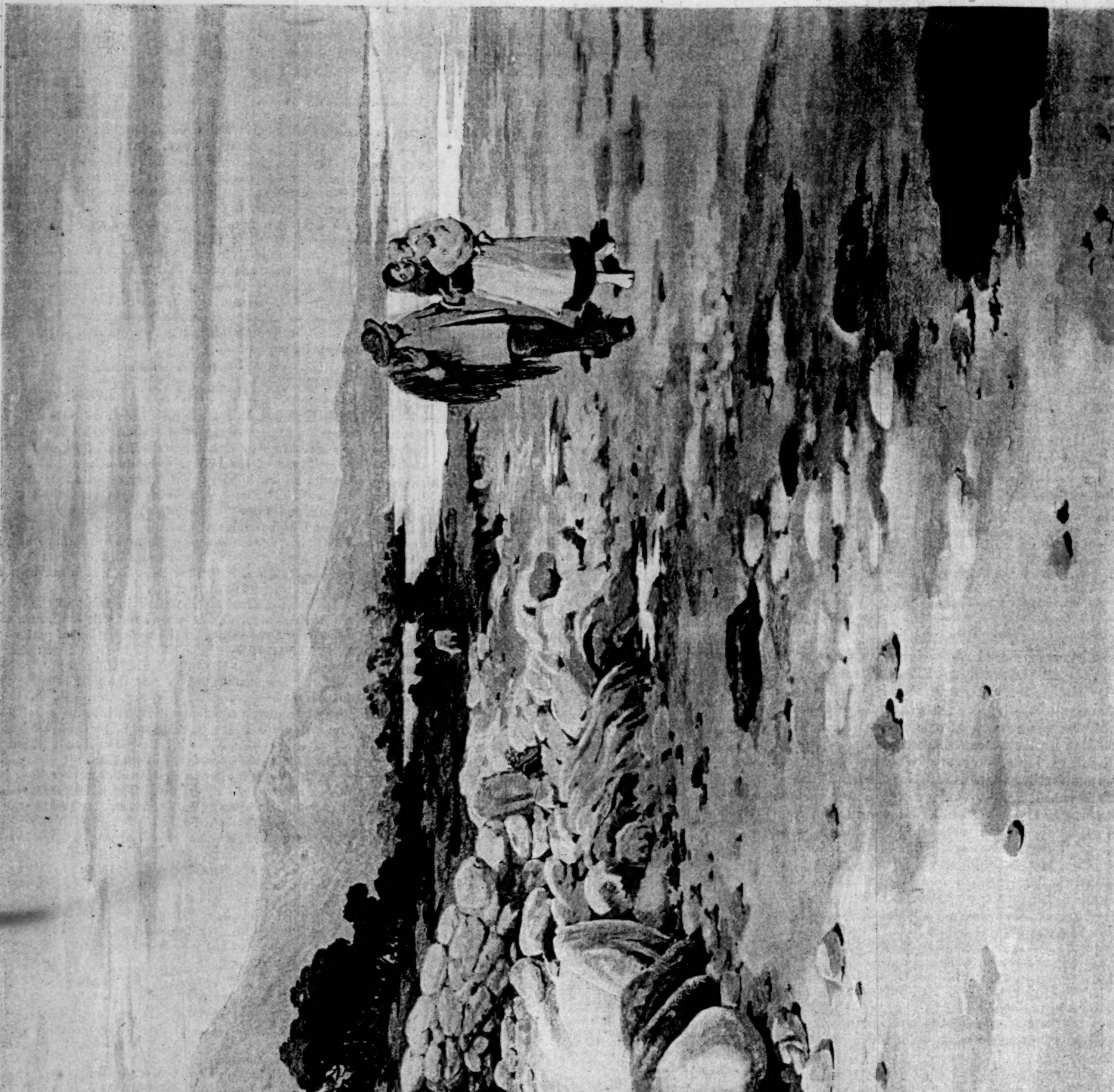
—An English nun, Sister ROSE GERTRUDE, is now on her way to the Sandwich Islands to spend her life among the lepers of Molokoi, Father DAMIEN'S former charge. Her real name is AMY FOWLER.

—Vandals have girdled the GRANT elm at Lexington, Massachusetts. It was planted by General GRANT on April 19, 1875, the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

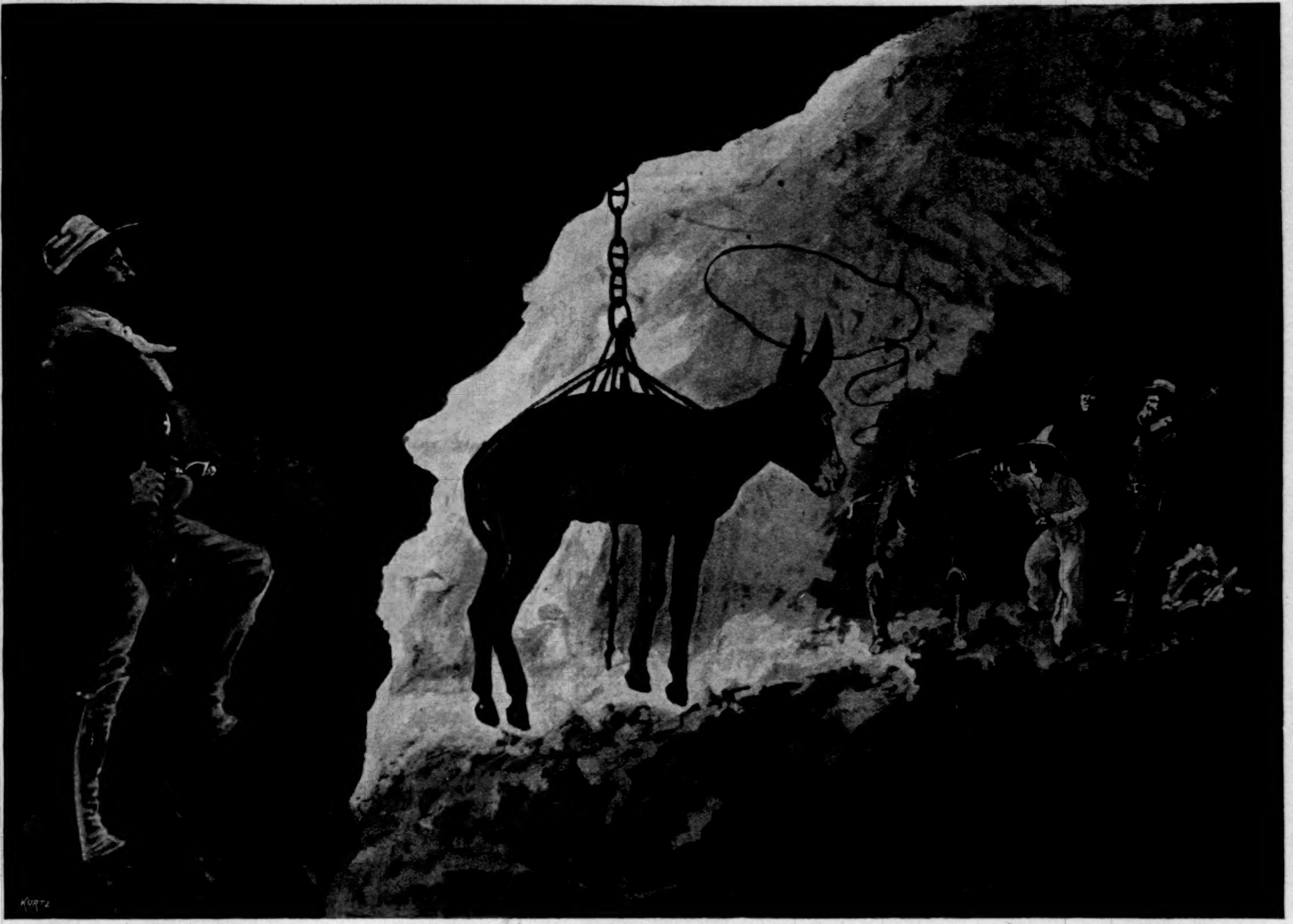
—The Paris Communists were not at all chary in the selection of their officials during their brief lease of power, and VICTOR GRELIER, a cook who had fallen so low that he was a menial in a public wash-house, became their Minister of Commerce. After law and order had been restored, GRELIER won the hearts of his captors through their stomachs, and was made the *chef* of the governor to whose province he had been transported. Later, he was permitted to return to Paris, where he died the other day.

—CLARA BARTON is a fine shot with either a rifle or a shot-gun.

—Although over one hundred years old, Mrs. PATTY BLAIR, of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, is as sprightly as a woman of seventy-five. She remembers well a visit of LAFAYETTE to the town.



RECOLLECTION.—Drawn by Howard Helmick.—[See Page 83.]



"AND WITH A DEXTEROUS CAST OF THIS IMPROVISED LASSO SET THE LOOP OF IT ABOUT EL SABIO'S NECK."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XIII.—UP THE CHAC-MOOL STAIR.

WE awoke the next morning at the very moment that the sun rose above the mountain-peaks to the eastward; and our waking was due in part to the sunshine striking upon our faces, but more to the prodigious braying, that echoed thunderously from the cliffs around us, with which El Sabio welcomed the advent of the god of day.

"It is a good sign, señor," said Pablo, "when El Sabio brays thus nobly at sunrise. He does not do it often, but when he does I know beyond a doubt that I am to have a lucky day."

"And I must say," Young struck in, "that for a man who expects to have to eat his boots in the course of a day or two I'm feeling this morning most uncommonly chipper myself. For one thing, I mean to have another look around that idol. I'm not at all sure that he's not the tipping-up kind. Maybe we didn't put enough weight on him yesterday; or he may do his tipping up from the other end. Anyhow, I'm going to have another whack at him as soon as I've eat my breakfast; and that's a performance that won't take long to get through with—considerin' how thunderin' little there is to eat."

Truly, the eating of our breakfast did not consume much time; and, so short did Young make our rations, I am not sure that we were not hungrier at the end of it than we were at its beginning. When we finished, the sun was still low in the east; and the bright rays struck full upon the statue of Chac-Mool, on the great stone altar, and into the depths of the niche that had been hollowed behind it in the face of the cliff. We observed that the idol was so placed that the very first rays of the sun, coming through a cleft between two great peaks to the eastward, shone brightly upon it, while yet all the rest of the valley save the cliff above the niche remained in shade.

With the strong sunlight deeply penetrating it, the recess behind the altar no longer was filled with the black shadows that had obscured it on the previous afternoon; and even the hole into which Young so nearly had fallen was plainly visible. Taking advantage of the better light, the lost-freight agent—who certainly had found a fitting berth in that department of railway service, for such a man for hunting for things, and for finding them, I never came across—made a more careful examination of the deeper portion of the recess; and presently he gave a shout that told of a discovery.

As we gathered around him he pointed in great excitement to a row of metal pegs, which were fixed in the rock one above the other, diagonally; and then to a place in the roof of the recess toward which these pegs tended. Even with the strong light that now aided us it was some time before I could make out among the black shadows of the roof a small opening; but the longer that I looked at it the more distinct it grew.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

"We've struck the trail again," Young cried. "We're struck it sure. It don't look promising, but here it is—for if this ain't the King's symbol carved right by the first of these pegs then you're all at liberty to kick me right smack over the top of that idol for a d—n fool! Hurrah!"

Pablo could not understand what Young was saying, but it was easy to perceive from his gestures the nature of the happy discovery that he had made. In a tone in which deference and triumph were curiously blended, Pablo said to me: "Did I not tell you, señor, that a good thing always happens when El Sabio brays at the rising sun?"

Before Pablo had ended this short but exultant deliverance, Young was half-way up to the roof of the cave; treading gingerly upon the metal bolts and testing each one before he trusted his weight to it. In a couple of minutes he reached the roof and disappeared through the hole; and almost instantly he called down to us: "We're solid—here's a regular staircase. Come along!"

We followed him promptly enough; while our hearts thrilled, and all our bodies trembled, with the gladness that possessed us as we found this way opening to us from the valley wherein we had thought that surely we must die. In a little chamber, cut in the rock above the opening into which the ladder of bolts led us, Young was waiting for us; and from this chamber a spiral stairway ascended that was dimly lighted by crevices cut from it out to the face of the cliff. With Young leading us, up this we went—at first rapidly; but, later, slowly and wearily, for it seemed as though the stair would never end. Yet though our bodies were heavy our spirits were very light; for we knew by the wearisome length of it that the stair must lead to the very top of the towering cliffs by which we had believed ourselves to be irrevocably shut in. And at last there was a gleaming of light above us; and this grew stronger and stronger until we came out with a shout of joy into the glad sunlight—and saw far below us the valley that we once more thought beautiful now that it no longer held us fast.

In the depth below us we could discern El Sabio, looking no bigger than a rabbit; and he must have caught the sound of our shouting with those long ears of his, for there came up to us faintly from him an answering bray.

"It's pretty hard lines on that jackass," said Young, "leaving him behind down there. But he might be left in a worse place, after all."

I could see that Pablo was stirred by uneasy thoughts of the separation that now so clearly must take place between him and his dear friend; and he looked wistfully along the path across the mountain to the westward—cut and smoothed so that it was an easy path to go on—and evidently thought how simple a matter it would be for El Sabio to travel on with us if only once he were up the stair. But he did not speak, and I hoped that he was nerving himself to bear manfully this sore trial. For the rest of us, we had but one thought: to get our packs up the stairway as quickly as possible—and at its quickest this work would be slowly and painfully done—and then once more go forward. Just as we turned to descend again, an eagle came sailing slowly toward us—evidently without fear of us—and Rayburn was so fortunate as to bring him down with a pistol-shot. We tossed him over the edge of the cliff; and a famous breakfast we made on him when we returned into the valley again. I can't say that I would have much stomach for so dirty a bird now; but I certainly did think that eagle most delicious eating then.

The hearty meal that we made on him strengthened us mightily, and we went to work with a will at getting our traps up the stair. With our pack ropes we hauled the various articles first into the little room at the stair-foot; and then toilsomely carried them to the heights above. Saving only that this work did not blister my hands, it was worse than the building of the raft had been; and all of us, using in climbing and in descending the stair certain muscles which normally are not brought often into play, found our legs so stiff and sore for the next day or two that walking gave us very lively pain.

It was as this heavy work went slowly forward that Pablo said to me, speaking in an insinuating and deprecating tone: "Up a stair such as this is, señor, the Wise One would bound like a deer."

I did not call in question Pablo's simile, for I knew that the boy's heart must be very sad. Laying my hand kindly upon his shoulder I answered in a way to show that I was truly sorry for him: "The Wise One will lead a happy life, Pablo, in this beautiful valley—where nothing can do him harm, and where he will have an abundance of water and of rich, fresh grass. Up the stair no doubt he could climb, for he knows wonderfully well how to use those dainty little feet of his; but even the Wise One could not climb up the ladder of metal bolts. Therefore must thou strengthen thy heart against the bitterness of this parting from him; for even if thou wouldst stay behind with him it is not possible—for thou canst not live, like the Wise One, on water and grass."

"But he is so little and so light an ass, señor," Pablo urged, "that surely, all of us pulling together, we could pull him up by the ropes, even as the other things have been pulled up; surely, surely, señor, that would be an easy thing for four men to do—and I also can pull at the ropes, señor, almost as well as any man."

It did not seem to me that even all of us pulling together could sway El Sabio up a hundred feet through the air; but Pablo was so pitiful in his entreaties, and seemed so resolutely bent upon remaining behind in the valley and dying there with his dear friend rather than go on without him, that I-

opened the matter to Rayburn and joined my plea to Pablo's that this curious effort should be made. And in addition to the sentimental reason for taking the ass with us, I pointed out to Rayburn—as indeed he understood without my telling him—how practically valuable El Sabio was to us in helping us to bear our heavy loads. Rayburn thought with me that the dead lift of so considerable a weight to such a height, without tackle of any sort to help us, was impossible. But Young, who had an inventive strain in his composition, was of the opinion that he could set up such rough tackle as would answer our purpose—upon understanding which Pablo at once embraced El Sabio and danced for joy.

Young was, I think, the handiest man I ever knew. He had a natural genius for mechanics; and in the many years of his railroad life he had gained a knowledge of all manner of expedients by which the work of complicated machinery could be accomplished by very simple means. "When you have a freight smash-up right in the middle of the section," he said, "with nobody to help you inside of forty miles, and the express due to come bouncing down on you inside of two hours, you've just *got* to get things out of the way whether you've got anything to do it with or not. If I had the equipment of a first-class freight cab here, I'd yank that burro up inside of twenty minutes; and if I don't do it, anyway, inside of two hours I'll promise to eat him."

I did not translate the whole of this speech to Pablo, for talk even in fun about eating El Sabio was rather a delicate matter, considering how close a shave that worthy animal had had to being eaten in dead earnest; but I did tell him that the Señor Young felt sure that he could swing El Sabio up through the air to where the stair began. And with Pablo—who also could use his hands well—most willingly helping, Young contrived in a surprisingly short time to make a rough windlass, that was effective enough for the work to be done with it, and to pull it up bit by bit into the chamber in the rock and there fit it together over the hole. El Sabio, being brought into the recess behind the idol, regarded us all with a doubting expression that even Pablo's repeated assurances that we meant well by him could not change into a look of trustfulness. Pablo declared, however, that in his heart of hearts the Wise One knew that we all were his friends, and that even though we should hurt him a little he would understand that it was for his good. And the conduct of the ass during the exceedingly bad half-hour that he then went through seemed fully to bear out Pablo's words. Around his small body, with stays running forward around his neck and aft to his tail, we rigged looped ropes; which ropes were gathered together above his back and there made fast to the line that was pendent from the windlass above. From time to time, as this operation was going forward, El Sabio turned his head upon one shoulder or the other and gazed with a wistful expression at what we were doing to him; and the slow shake that he gave his head, whereby his great ears were set to wagging mournfully, as he finished each of these inspections betrayed the grave wonder that was within him as to what it all could mean, together with a not unnatural apprehension of what might be its ultimate outcome.

By a good chance, the effect upon the Wise One of finding the solid earth drop suddenly from beneath his feet—when at last all was in readiness, and Young and Rayburn began to hoist away at the windlass—was to render him quite rigid with terror; and there was a most agonized look in his face as he went sailing up through the air. Pablo, standing below with me, that we might steady the ass with a guy-rope during his ascent, addressed to him all manner of tender and comforting words; but for once the Wise One seemed to be insensible to his master's voice. Neither with his eyes nor his ears did he respond; and he well enough might have been taken for a dead ass going heavenward, but for the sharp twitchings of his tail. And when at last he was safely within the upper chamber he fairly fell down upon the rocky floor of it in sheer exhaustion begot of fright. It was not until we had passed up a bucket of water to him, whereof he drank the very last drop, and had been soothed by Pablo's fondling of him and by Pablo's gentle words, that his broken spirit revived. And so limp and weak was he that it was a long while before we could in conscience urge him to ascend the stair. When at last he set himself to this undertaking, he was far from accomplishing it in the bounding and deer-like manner that Pablo had promised for him; but he certainly did at last get to the top—which was all that was required of him—and there drank gratefully the bucket full of water that Pablo had carried up that great height for his comforting when his toilsome climbing should end. And Pablo went down into the valley once more that night in order to bring back to his friend a hearty supper of rich grass.

By the time that all this hard work was accomplished the day was nearly at an end; and even had there been light for us to see our way by we were too tired to go on—for every bone and muscle in our bodies was weary and sore. Therefore we made our camp for the night on the flat expanse of rock where the stair ended; and we were thankful that enough of the eagle remained to us for our supper—and, indeed, we made our breakfast on him also, for he was a prodigiously large bird. Very different were our feelings as we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and settled ourselves to sleep on that open mountain-top—with the path clear before us, and with the cheering hope in our hearts that among the mountains we should find a plenty of wild creatures suitable for food—from the dull despairing languor that had possessed us as we sank to sleep the night before. And with our joy was also a reverent thankfulness—that was more strongly stimulated by certain words which Fray Antonio spoke ere we laid down to rest—that our deliverance was accomplished from that death-stricken valley wherein we ourselves so surely had expected that we must die.

XIV.—THE HANGING CHAIN.

By the winding way which we followed along the mountain-top (and that this was the way we wished to follow, the King's symbol and the pointing arrow plainly showed) we came presently close beside the rift in the cliffs through which the waters of the upper lake had been discharged upon the city in the valley below and so had buried it. And here we made a very surprising discovery: which was no less than that the great rift in the rocks through which the water had been let loose was not, as we had supposed, the result of some fierce convulsion of nature, but very plainly was the fiercer work of man. Along the face of the opening whence the water had poured forth, the rock was grooved; showing that drill holes had been made, close together, from the edge of the cliff backward to the lake that once had filled all the valley now lying bare and empty before us; and with the field-glass we could see that there was a like channelling of the rock upon the further side of the break. And all doubt in our minds in regard to this matter was removed by our finding a vastly long drill—made of the bright, hard metal that we now were familiar with, yet could not at all understand its composition—lying close beside the chasm upon the bare rock.

"There has been the devil's own work here," said Rayburn, as he fully took in this extraordinary situation. "Whoever did this must have spent months over it—perhaps years, working with such tools as these. They evidently went at it systematically, with the deliberate intention of drowning the whole crowd down below. From an engineering stand-point I must say that it's a good piece of work. See how cleverly they've picked out this particular spot, where the wall of rock went down almost perpendicularly into the lake, and so got the full value of the thrust of the water when their cuts were finished. If I'm not mistaken, there was a third line of drill holes sunk in the middle of the mass that they meant to cut loose. That's the way I should have done it: then there would have been a little giving in the centre that would have helped to loosen the sides. But what a lot of incarnate devils they must have been to go at such a job!"

Truly, there was something chilling to the blood in the thought of the slow labor of them who had toiled here, day after day and month after month, until their ghastly purpose was accomplished and they had slain a whole city without striking a single honest blow. Such vengeance upon an enemy as here was taken never had its equal for cold malignant cruelty since the world began. Down in the valley below, we had seen gleaming beneath the calm surface of the lake the bones of the thousands who had perished when this diabolical work was completed and the waters bounded forth, shining and sparkling in the sunlight, on their mission of death. And whoever let them loose must have stood just where we now were standing; and at sight of what came of their long labor there must have been such joy as no hell could adequately punish in their black hearts.

Our bodies shuddered as we turned and left the scene of this tremendous tragedy, that was the more appalling to us because of the profound mystery in which was buried everything related to it save the bare fact that it had been.

For a long distance our way went onward beside the bare, deep valley that had been the basin of the lake; and so the thought of the horror which had been wrought so devilishly with its innocent waters lingered gloomily in our minds. Involuntarily, we associated the unknown people of a long past time who had perpetrated this hideous wholesale murder with the people for whom we now were searching; and an uncertain dread filled our souls as to what might be our own fate should we end by finding what we sought. From the tender mercies of a race in which stealthy craft and cold malignant cruelty evidently were such conspicuous characteristics little was to be expected. Therefore it was in a sombre mood, and with but little talk among us, that we went forward upon our way.

The path that we followed showed the same care in the making of it that we had found in the path leading down from the cañon into the valley where the drowned city was. Throughout the length of it, by carrying it skilfully along the windings of the mountain-sides, an equable, easy grade was maintained; where it led across open spaces the loose stones had been cleared away and stood heaped along each side of it; where it skirted precipices the solid rock had been cut out in order to give a wider and a surer foothold; and here and there in its course crevices which traversed it were bridged with great slabs of stone. Rayburn was lost in admiration of the engineering skill that was shown in its construction, and declared that a very little extra work put on it would fit it for the laying of a line of rails.

The valley on our right, in which the lake had been, narrowed as we advanced; and as the path that we followed had a steadily rising grade (according to Rayburn's estimate, of a trifle more than three per cent.) the bottom of it fell away rapidly. As we reached what had been, as we found, the foot of the lake we discovered fresh evidence of the enormous amount of labor that had been expended in order to make its waters an effective engine of destruction. Far in the depths beneath us, extending across the whole width of the valley—but here the valley had so narrowed that it was less a valley than a cañon—we saw a high and vastly broad stone wall. It was then that we perceived fully the whole of the devilish design; and realized the years that must have been given to its execution. By the building of the wall the level of the lake had been raised fully three hundred feet; and so a head of water had been obtained strong enough to thrust out the mass of rock that had been loosened by drilling through its centre and at its sides. It would have been possible, also, for the rock that was to be broken away to be greatly thinned by quarrying its open face while the water was rising slowly after the great dam was built. Clearly, the whole work had been planned with a calm, diabolical ingenuity that assured with absolute certainty the accomplishment of the horrible purpose that those who labored at it had in view. It seemed impossible, but for the proof that we here had of it, that human hearts could have in them enough of purely devilish cruelty to spend years in thus working out to perfection so hideous a vengeance. And to me it seemed all the more dreadful because of the time that had passed since this most evil deed was done. Centuries had vanished, and the slayers—living out the few years of their lifetime—had perished from off the earth as utterly as had the slain; yet here the whole proof of the great crime that had been wrought lived on in enduring stone that was like to last until the very end of the world should come. Thus had these sinners left behind them, raised by their own hands, a monument telling of their sin; which sin had not even the redeeming quality of passionateness, but was slow and subtle and cruelly cold.

We were glad to turn from sight of this place and press onward into the cañon, for such the valley now had become; and we found in the dark shadows which enveloped us in this deep cleft between the mountains a sombreness in keeping with the feelings in our hearts. So high above us towered the cliffs that at their top they seemed almost to meet, showing between them only a narrow ribbon of bright blue sky; and below us the chasm went down sheer for a thousand feet: a gloomy depth that our eyes could not have penetrated had there not gleamed at the bottom of it the foam and sparkle of a little stream. Here the path was hewn almost continuously out of the solid rock; and we could see that a like path was cut in the rock on the other side. That so prodigious a piece of work should be thus duplicated seemed to us a very astonishing waste of energy; for even Young did not have much faith in his own suggestion that two prehistoric railway companies had secured rights of way along the opposite sides of the cañon, and had begun the building there of rival lines.

But the matter was explained, presently, by our finding that this other path was but a doubling of the path that we were on. As we rounded a turn in the cañon we came suddenly to a broad natural ledge in the rock, over which hung a great projection of the cliff, so that the sky above was hid from us. Here our path went off into the air—and began again on the other side of the vastly deep chasm, a good sixty feet away. "Rather long for a jump," was Rayburn's curt comment as we pulled up on the edge of the precipice and looked at each other blankly. Yet it was evident that those who had made with such great expense of toil and time these pathways on the opposite sides of the cañon had crossed in some way from the one to the other at this point; and the only surmise that seemed to fit the facts of the case was that there had been stretched across the chasm a swinging bridge of *lianas*—such as still are to be found spanning streams in the hot lands of Mexico—and that in the course of ages this had rotted entirely away. But as this bridge, if ever there had been one here, was absolutely gone, we found ourselves in as shrewdly strait a place as men well could be in. To go ahead was as clearly impossible as was the hopelessness of turning back upon our path. At the most, we could only return to the valley out of which we had climbed with such thankfulness; and rather than go back to die of starvation in that place so beautiful and so desolate, there was not one of us but would have chosen to end all quickly by springing into the gulf above which we stood.

But while we thus stood in dreary contemplation of the miserable prospect before us, Young, as his habit was, was spying about him sharply; and so spied out a way of deliverance for us. The announcement of his discovery was made in a very characteristic way.

"You set up to be some punkins of an engineer, now don't you?" he said, addressing Rayburn. "But did you ever happen to hear of a bridge that was hung up at one end, and that was operated by swinging it backward and forward like a pendulum?"

"No," Rayburn answered promptly and decisively, "I never did."

"So I thought," Young went on. "Well, you've admitted that in several things the man who was in charge of construction on this line could have given you points, and this swinging bridge notion is one of 'em. I can't say that I think much of it. It wouldn't do in railroads, for sure; but there is a good deal to be said in favor of it when it helps folks out of such a hole as we're in now—and if it still is in working order, that is just what it's going to do. There it is. Do you catch on?"

We all looked in the direction in which Young pointed, for his gesture was so earnest that even Fray Antonio and Pablo caught the meaning of it, and so saw—pendent from a point far up on the overhang of rock, and but indistinctly showing in the shadow—a great chain that at its lower end was caught in a metal hook set in the face of the cliff at the extreme back of the ledge on which we stood. For my part, I did not at once catch the meaning of Young's words even when I saw the chain; but Rayburn understood it all in a moment.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that *is* a notion! You grab the end of it and just swing across to the other side!"

Young already had loosened the chain from the hook and was testing its strength by putting his weight on it. At the end of it was a cross-bar, big enough to get a good grip upon; and this, and the chain itself, were wrought of the bright, hard metal of which we had encountered so many specimens. The upper end was made fast high above us in the out-jut of rock, very nearly over the centre of the cañon; so that no great force was required to carry whoever grasped the crossbar, and so swung out boldly, clear across the chasm to the ledge on the other side. But I confess that the thought of such a passage made me feel a little dizzy and sick; and never did I long to be safely back in my class-room at Ann Arbor as I did just then!

"It seems to be all right," said Young, "but I guess you may as well take a pull on it with me, Rayburn. There'd be no fun in having it fetch away when a man was about half across, and we may as well make the thing sure." And then, as the chain still held firm under the double strain, he added, "Well, here goes"—and, so speaking, took a running start and went swinging out over the abyss.

My heart was in my mouth as he leaped forth and shot out from and far below us; but in a moment he rose along the curve that he was traversing and was safely landed on the other side. "It's a boss invention. Working it is just as easy as rolling off a log," he called across to us—and to show how easily the passage was made, he instantly swung himself back again.

Pablo had manifested signs of strong uneasiness while this talk and action were in progress, and in a very anxious tone he now inquired: "But how will it be with the Wise One, señor?"

"Why, getting *him* across will be as easy as open and shut," Young answered, speaking in English to Rayburn and to me. "We'll just rig him in the rope slings again, and make him fast to the chain, and give him a good boost to start him—and over he'll go before he fairly knows he's started."

But when we came to apply this brisk statement of the case practically, we found it by no means easy of execution. El Sabio grew restive as we arranged the slings of rope about his body, evidently remembering, fearfully, the strange journey that he had made in the air when we had rigged him in a like manner in order to trice him up to where the stair began. And he grew yet more restive as we fastened the rope slings to the end of the chain. Rayburn had crossed to the other side—passing the chain back by weighting it with a rock—and stood ready to receive El Sabio when he was swung across. But partly owing to a want of skill in our management of him, yet more to his own unruliness—for just as we started him, with a strong push, he clapped down his forefeet upon the edge of the cliff, and so checked his swing outward—he did not swing within reach of Rayburn's hands. And so he came back toward us again, and then out once more toward Rayburn; and so swung slowly and yet more slowly until at last he hung motionless over the very middle of the gulf, with nothing between him and the rocks below but a thousand feet of air. And then El Sabio began to kick with a vigor that set to rattling every link in the chain!

Pablo was cast by this mischance into a veritable frenzy of fright; and we were most seriously frightened also—not only because the destruction of the poor ass was imminent, but because of the danger which menaced ourselves. Our party was divided, and should the chain give way, under stress of El Sabio's kicks and plunges, all possibility of our coming together again was at an end. Rayburn might leave us and go on; and so, perhaps, save his own life. But for the rest of us there would be no hope. Behind us was death by starvation. In front of us was this impassable gulf.

From Pablo, who was quite wild with dreadful anticipations of the parting of the chain and the loss to him forever of his friend, least was to be expected in the strait wherein we were; yet it was from Pablo that our rescue came. With a quick apprehension of the needs of the case, he rove a running-knot in the end of one of the pack ropes, and with a dexterous cast of this improvised lasso set the loop of it about El Sabio's neck as that unfortunate animal for a moment ceased his strugglings and hung still. And then we all strained on the rope together, and in a minute had El Sabio safely with us again, but in such a state of terror that pity for him wrung our hearts.

But the limpness which the reaction from such deadly fear threw him into made handling him easy; and this time, when we launched him forth (taking the precaution, however, to fasten one end of a rope to the chain), he went sailing across the full width of the chasm, and Rayburn in a moment had him landed in safety. The instant that the chain was loosened Pablo hauled it back, and an instant later swung lightly across the cañon, and straightway fell to fondling the terrified creature and comforting him with all manner of tender words. And he so piteously besought us to give El Sabio one good drink that we passed the water keg and the bucket across, and permitted the poor ass to drink half of our stock of water without debate of the sacrifice. Indeed, this refreshment was so necessary to him that without it I doubt if he could have gone on.

While El Sabio thus gathered courage and strength again, Young swung over to the other side, and we passed our stores across from ledge to ledge—having ropes made fast to the chain, and so steadying each load from the one side while we hauled from the other. This was easy work, and we quickly finished it. When it was ended, I braced myself for the flying journey through the air across that gulf so deep that the bottom of it was lost in black shadows through which the sparkling water faintly gleamed; and my heart so throbbed within me as I took the bar in my hands, with the knowledge that should I lose hold of it death waited for me below in

those dark shadows, that my breath came irregularly and I heard a dismal ringing in my ears. Yet I had less to fear than either of the others who had crossed before me, for the ropes still were fast to the chain, and should I not swing far enough I would be helped to safety by my companions. But for shame, I should have made my body fast to the chain by a rope sling, and so have gone across as our stores had gone rather than as a man. But my pride forbade my surrender in this fashion to my fears; and it was a lucky thing for me that it did.

Holding the bar in my hands, I ran briskly across the ledge, and, with a strong kick on the edge of the cliff to give me additional impetus, I went spinning out into space. For an age, as it seemed to me, I sank rapidly; while that horrible feeling possessed me—the like of which people subject to sea-sickness feel as the ship drops away beneath them into the trough of the sea—of falling away from my own stomach. And then, just as my strength seemed to be failing and my hold on the bar loosing, I perceived that I was rising again; and this put a little fresh heart in me, and I tightened my grip on the bar. Ten seconds, no doubt, was the full extent of the time that my passage consumed; but it seemed to me then, and it seems to me still as I think of it, a long ten years. And a thrill of terror goes through me as I think, also, of how near I then came to a horrible death: for at the very moment that I reached the farther side of the cañon there was a little tinkling sound in the air above me, and the bar that I held was twitched out of my hands, and then came a loud jingling of metal on rock—and as I turned quickly I saw a gleam of sunlight catch the great chain as it went twisting downward into the black gulf below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVICTION IN NEW YORK.

No more affecting subject has ever been found by artist, orator, poet, or romance writer than eviction. The sorrows and sufferings of those who lose their homes have been used to sway Parliaments on questions of state, and have never failed to touch the sympathies of the tender-hearted, irrespective of any plea of justice or equity between landlord and tenant. Human nature cannot, unmoved, view such destitution as seems inseparably connected with the loss of shelter for women, children, and the household gods. Yet while this sentimental side of a controversy that must come up from time to time, as long as men dwell in hired houses, is indisputably the one that will first claim the attention of all humanity, there is another side that cannot be ignored.

So long as civilization admits the right of property in real estate, the law must protect that right, and the owner's claim to rent for the use of his property is as valid as his claim to any other of his possessions. He cannot be denied when he demands with perfect logic that he shall either have possession of his premises or receive pay for their use. Among the infinite complications in which this plain debtor and creditor question is involved by the necessities of the debtors, the legislators of modern times have floundered about with various and sometimes conflicting results. In New York, according to the popular notion at least, the laws favor the landlord rather than the tenant, and such cases of hardship as the artist has portrayed on another page are by no means so infrequent as could be desired.

This is perhaps because the statutes provide for what are known as summary proceedings, and these proceedings are so manifestly to the advantage of the landlord that the old-fashioned suit for ejectment, which sometimes dragged along for years, is hardly known any longer in New York courts. Under these statutes, if the tenant makes any default in the payment of his rent, or if he remains in possession of the hired premises after the expiration of the term for which he hired them, the landlord may go to the district court and make an affidavit, which being duly verified becomes a complaint. The law strictly prescribes that this affidavit shall clearly state all the material facts in the case. It must tell the relationship of landlord and tenant existing between the parties; the facts of the hiring of the premises; the amount of the rent payable; the specified terms, and manner and time of payment; the tenant's occupancy of the premises; the failure of payment at the specified time; the demand of the landlord for payment; the neglect of the tenant to pay; the demand of the landlord for possession of the premises; and the continued occupancy by the tenant.

On this affidavit the court will issue a "precept," requiring the tenant, in not less than three days (including the day of service and the day of return), to show cause why he should not surrender the premises. There can be no adjournment, excepting by the landlord's consent, beyond the day and hour specified in this "precept," unless the tenant raises an issue on some material allegation in the affidavit. The judge granting such an adjournment is guilty of a misdemeanor. If the tenant is in a position to deny some material statement, and get a lawyer to fight the case, he may get adjournments; but if he cannot, his only alternative is to pay the rent. If he cannot do that, no matter what his exigencies or misfortunes may be, no matter how certain he may be of his ability to pay even in an hour's time, the court must give judgment for the landlord. The law is inexorable.

Judgment being rendered, the court has a limited discretion only about issuing a warrant of eviction. If it be Saturday, no warrant is likely to be issued till the following Monday. If the tenant or any of his family be so sick that death is likely to be caused by removal, it is not probable that the judge will issue a warrant till that emergency is past. In default of either of these conditions, however, the court must, at the request of the landlord, enter the judgment and issue the warrant immediately. These warrants are usually addressed to the city marshals, and it is to be said to the credit of these officials that there has hardly ever been known a case in which they have discharged their unpleasant duties in any way but the kindest possible. It seems to be beyond the power of most civilized men to be harsh in the infliction of such a penalty as extreme poverty incurs in this case. Nevertheless, the marshal has no more discretion than the judge. If the landlord insist, he must remove all the furniture and belongings of the tenant as far as the public sidewalk, and eject all persons in possession, using any necessary force to accomplish this end. Then he locks or seals the premises, and delivers them over to the landlord. What happens thereafter to the tenant or to any of his belongings does not concern the judge, the marshal, or the landlord. The law has been complied with, and if no wilful damage has been done, there is no redress.

As in cases of hardship of almost all kinds, the poorest people suffer the most when they are victims of this process of eviction. A penniless woman, such as the artist has portrayed, if deprived of shelter, loses, by the one stroke of ill fortune, all that makes life sweet. Her little child, too small to be an aid in the labors of life, must be "put away" in the care of some benevolent society, of whose benevolence it can too often be said that it is like the "tender mercies of the wicked." The babe at her breast is even a greater hinderance to any effort she might make to sustain herself in the fierce competition of wage-earning. It too must be surrendered, and the despairing mother can have little hope that it will ever know her again. The few poor sticks of furniture that were of too little value to be sold or pawned are set upon the sidewalk, where she can neither use them nor hope to keep them.

Life has suddenly resolved itself to a bare struggle for food, with all the odds against her, and her only resource is in the charity of the public. This, it must be said, is a far better resource than may be imagined. Among all the wickedness of Gotham, carelessness of the sufferings of others is not to be reckoned. I have known very many instances of dire poverty in a long experience of newspaper life, but I have yet to find one that will not be promptly and liberally relieved if brought to the public notice. The only hinderance to the exercise of the almost boundless charity of the citizens of New York is ignorance. Too often the sufferers do not know how to appeal. Too often the charitably disposed fail to learn of such cases as the one in the picture.

WINTER DAWN.

A mystical silence weird and gray
  Rests like a dream on the garden white;
The darkness fitfully steals away
  Like a sullen raven before the light.

The naked wood in its winter sleep
  Is songless and still in the bitter air;
No birds in the flowerless meadow cheep
  Where timidly hops the wary hare.

All tremulous in the distance far
  A ribbon of rose begins to shine,
Where a beautiful luminous lily star
  Softly dissolves in the airy wine.

R. K. Munkittrick.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Mr. Helmick is supremely true to nature in his sketch. There is a rugged lonely look about the bleak rocky coast which communicates a chill, and suggests the thought of the barrenness of a life spent among such cheerless surroundings. The "old, old story," however, repeats itself here, coming in to brighten up the scene. It gives a tinge of romance not only to the homely bent figure of the old crone, whose days have been spent in hardship and poverty from youth to old age, but also to the forms of the young parents, who seem oblivious of everything but the child in the young mother's arms.

How the thoughts of the old mother go backward as her eyes rest occasionally on the stalwart form of her fisherman son returning to his "cottage," with his "seine" thrown over his shoulder, apparently as happy in the possession of wife and baby as if toil were unknown or unnecessary! The poor old creature thinks of the time when she tripped blithely out to meet her "good man" returning from some fishing expedition, carrying her baby just as proudly as her daughter-in-law in the picture now bears that baby's son in her willing arms. As these bygone days revert to her mind, her heart is doubtless just as much bowed down by the memory of the father of her boy, who one grievous day went on some excursion to the fishing-grounds never to return, as her old body is in the picture before us. Her thoughts are full of the days of her youth, when sorrow and death were unknown; when she was a fair young "colleen," sought after by the country lads for miles around; her name quoted as the best dancer in the parish; her bonny face present at every scene of jollity and frolic; her laugh the merriest, as her heart and feet were the lightest. Ah! poor old soul, can we not all feel when looking at her what the "recollections" are which fill her mind, and agree with Tennyson that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrows
Is remembering happier things?"

She probably feels that now she is of no account to any one. Her son, of course, as in duty bound, gives her a shelter, a crust, and a seat in the chimney-corner, but if her place were vacant on the morrow, who would miss her? Truly, as "the days of our lives are threescore years and ten," but after that "they bring but trouble and sorrow," so with our old "type of the past" in this sketch; and yet so closely is the heart of the Irish peasant knit to the native soil, that this principal figure of the picture would not, in all probability, take in exchange for the wretched hovel in which her rude life has been passed, the finest home if it were far removed from the scene before us. There is scarcely a rock or tree on which her gaze rests which has not to her some hallowed association, some memory set apart.

HALT OF A SIBERIAN CONVOY.

Thanks to the present popularity of Russian literature, and to a wide-spread interest in the institutions of that great empire, we are in a fair way to know almost as much about Russians as they know about themselves. But it is extremely difficult for any writer to convey a just notion of the characteristics of Russians; and, indeed, the task becomes almost impossible if he fails to insist on the race peculiarities, which indelibly color every motive and every action. Seen through the glasses of western civilization, the customs, habits, morality of the Russians are so little in harmony with our own traditions and present usages that we are disposed to indulge in severe criticism, without pausing to consider the surroundings and circumstances which make these elements of civilization seem to us peculiar and incomprehensible.

The Chinese, filled with pride of their own nationality, and unable, from their isolation and from the strength of their race traditions, to conceive of anything equal to their own civilization, honestly consider the outside world barbaric. In this respect we of the Western world are much more Chinese than the Russians, for they, probably more than any other nation, are the most eager to assimilate modern ideas and adopt modern customs. I am aware that this statement needs some explanation; still, if we look at the wonderful strides toward the highest forms of civilization made in the last half-century through every part of that immense empire, we must recognize the fact that there is nothing like it in the history of nations. The soil in which the seeds of modern progress have been so effectively sown was none of the most fertile, and even to-day presents, to the outsider at least, few or no attractions for labor in this direction. The Egyptian darkness of ignorance, superstition, and Oriental barbarism which shrouded the people is not yet by any means dispelled, nor have the brilliant rays of nineteenth-century civilization penetrated all the angles and corners of the labyrinth. The penumbra of the shadow of past ages still covers the great mass of the people, and generations must yet pass away before they cease to feel the burden of their inheritance. Tourguénief, in his *Souvenirs of Bielinsky*, says of the state of society only a few decades ago: "When one looked around him he saw venality in full vogue, serfdom crushing down the people like a rock, military barracks springing up on all sides. There was no justice; they talked of closing the universities; foreign travel was not permitted. A sombre cloud hung over what was then called the Administration of Letters and Sciences. Denunciation crept in on all sides; even between young people there was no common bond, no generous interests. Fear and adulation were everywhere." From the accession of Alexander II. and the liberation of the twenty-four millions of serfs in 1861 dates the great modernization of the empire. Assuredly the record of progress is scarcely paralleled in history.

We are accustomed to criticise the faults of the Russians as if they were greater faults than our own, forgetting that they are different, but not on that account greater ones. These faults become perfectly comprehensible to us, and we more readily condone them, if we succeed in tracing them to their origin, in locating them in their surroundings. A quarter of a century ago Russian barbarism, if we had known it as we know it now, would have filled us with disgust; but at that very period there were being perpetrated within our own borders atrocities beside which Siberian tortures are child's play. Circumstances obliged us to overlook these crimes; so in Russia circumstances may palliate many public acts which at first sight would seem inexcusable.

The Siberian system is the most prominent blot on the institutions of the empire. It is more dramatic in aspect, and appeals more forcibly to our sentiments, than any other. The scope of this brief article necessarily excludes any discussion of the wrongs or the merits of this system, or any attempt to add a word to the volumes of descriptions and arguments which have been written on the subject. The reading class in Russia is perfectly acquainted with the workings of the system, and intimate knowledge of it is not confined to those alone who can read. It is for the most part accepted by the people as a necessity of government, in the same way that flogging is considered a necessity of military discipline. That the government does not choose to hide the evils of the system from the people, even the lowest of them, is abundantly proven by the presence in the Imperial Gallery in Moscow of a large picture representing a march of convicts, an engraving of which is published in the present number of this paper. The drama is introduced with such vividness and such realism that no description need accompany the engraving. The little scene enacted in the foreground is more eloquent than a printed page, more suggestive and impressive than the language of the most skilful speaker. Its accuracy can scarcely be questioned, and it carries to the spectator a realization of the horrors of the convict system in a way that the lowest intellect can comprehend. Why, then, is this picture permitted to hang in the Moscow gallery, unless it be a part of the great general endeavor to elevate, educate, and civilize the people?

It is the commonest trait of the Russians that they are perfectly frank about themselves as a nation. They often declare that they are divided into only two classes, those who use Lubin's soap and those who use no soap at all. In general terms this is true, for the middle class is so numerically small that it may be practically counted out. Yet the development of a middle class is a necessity of progress, and another generation will see this class much greater and more useful. Russians do not scruple to say that their country is largely in a state of semi-barbarism; and the men of culture and refinement who tell you this will at the same instant invariably betray, by word or gesture, the taint of Oriental indifference and fatalism which characterizes Russians of every rank, and makes barbarism a possibility among them.

Tolstoï often alludes in his writings to this frankness to confess shortcomings and faults, and in his inimitable way shows how little service to them is the contemplation of their own inner selves. Introspection with them does not serve to stimulate their conscience, but rather to throw the glamour of fatalism over it, and to make this an excuse and a palliation for every weakness. It is this element of Russian character that makes them difficult to deal with in matters of reform. If their attention is called to gross injustice or criminal negligence, they will at first show an honest sympathy and interest, but will soon throw off all responsibility and satisfy their consciences with the remark, "We are a race of barbarians," or by that commonest word, "directly" representing the commonest fault among Russians—procrastination.

It was my fortune to be intimately associated with the Russians at a time when they were more before the eyes of the rest of the world than they have been for a long time—namely, during the Russo-Turkish campaign. The apparent indifference to the sufferings of their own people; their exuberant sympathy with the misfortunes of the Turks; their patience under hardships and difficulties, most of which resulted from their own neglect and procrastination; their admiration for truth, and their own lack of this virtue—these are but few of the anomalies of character which were exceedingly difficult to reconcile. I have seen the Emperor shed tears over the wounded men of the Imperial Guard, and a few days later the same unfortunates were dying by the hundreds on the road to the hospitals through criminal neglect and ignorance. It was a common sight after a battle to see officers throw money to wounded Turks and pass by their own men with only one word of pity. When Plevna fell, thirty thousand Turks were herded together for days without shelter on an open plain in a heavy snow-storm. In the Balkan campaign the highways from the mountains to the Danube were black with trains of springless carts transporting Russian wounded for many days, without shelter from the wintry storms, and without any adequately organized commissariat or medical service. The exercise of ordinary forethought and the observance of the commonest laws of humanity would have saved thousands of lives and millions of treasure. But the habit of procrastination and the taint of fatalism were too strong in them to be overcome even by questions of life and death, and they went on to the close of the war in much the same way as they began.

An incident, though of little importance in itself, will, nevertheless, show how the Russians regarded the situation at the time. At the fall of Plevna I sent, in my capacity as correspondent of the London *Daily News*, a long despatch describing the horrors of the town after the surrender, and supplemented this with sketches to the London *Graphic*, not sparing the Russians at all in my criticisms of their treatment of the Turks. After a few days I returned to the Army of the Balkans, which I had left temporarily, and awaited with some misgivings the arrival of the courier with St. Petersburg newspapers, which I knew would contain translations of my despatches. One morning General Gourko sent for me to come and see him. I knew the post had arrived, and presented myself with the full conviction that he would announce that it was his unpleasant duty to send me away from the army. To my great surprise he advanced and shook hands, and congratulated me on the realistic way I had described the horrors of Plevna and the accuracy and justice of my criticisms. "You have told the exact truth," he said, "and we Russians are only too anxious to have the truth about us published to the world. As long as you are with me, please remember that you are at perfect liberty to write the truth about us. This Plevna business is most terrible, most deplorable." "But, general," I said, "you seem to realize the state of things as much as any one; indeed, all the officers with whom I talk continually and vehemently deplore the barbarities that we daily witness. Why don't you, why doesn't the commander-in-chief, report these things?"

"God knows!" and a shrug of the shoulders was all the answer I could get out of him.

F. D. Millet.

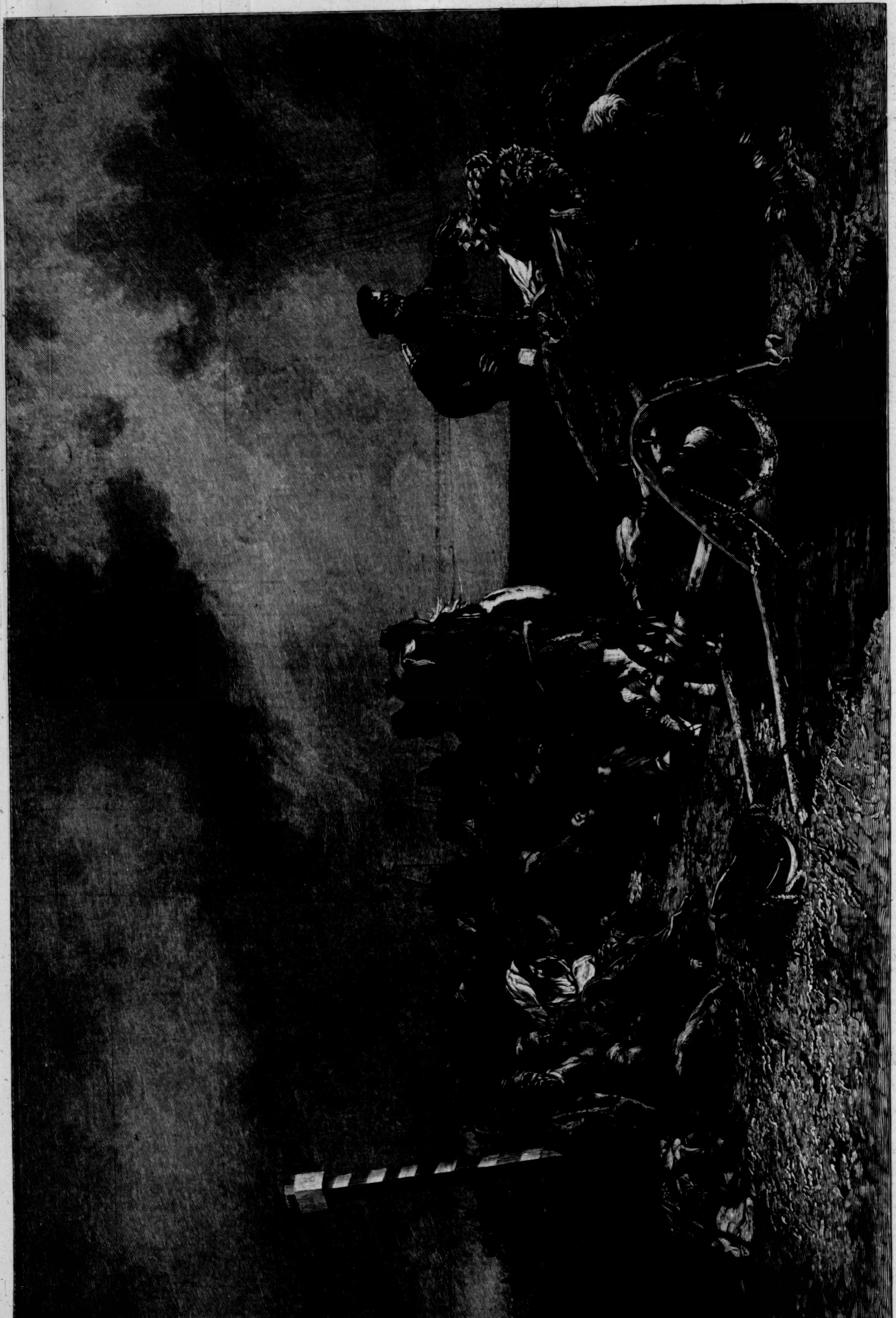
A DESERTED FARM.

I pass the burrow of the shy field-mouse,
  Pink broom-sedge, and pale hints of aftermath,
And near the mouldering doorway of a house
  Long threads of treacherous silver bar the path.

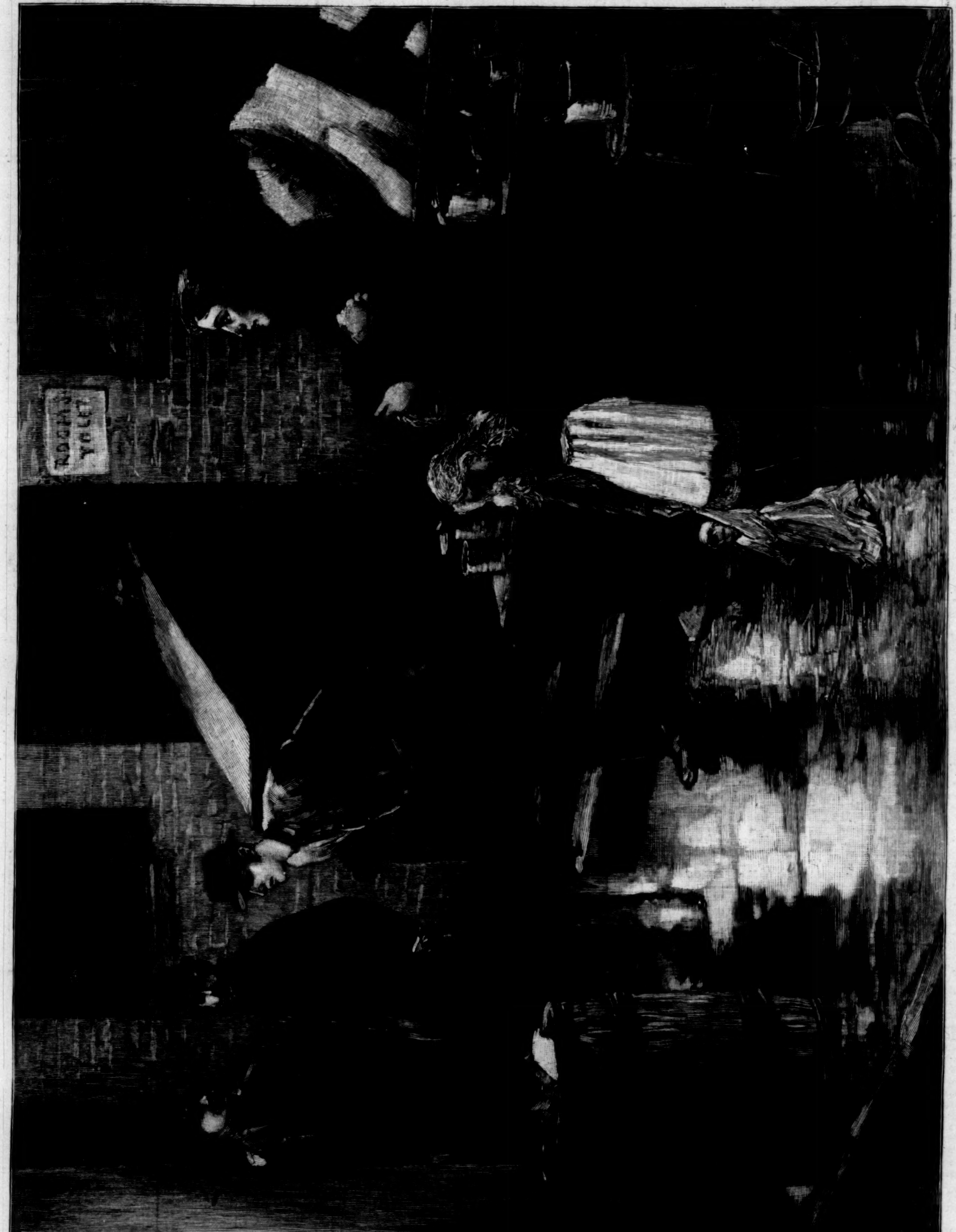
Across the threshold, whence all life has gone,
  The forest weavers deeper webs have spun,
That lift their silken mockeries to the morn,
  Or snare the kisses of the evening sun.

With autumn silence brooding over all,
  It seems as if such Circean nets at last
Had captured and imprisoned past recall
  The harvest sounds and memories of the past.

William H. Hayne.



A HALT OF EXILES.—From the Painting by Valerian Ivanovitch Jacoby (1861) in the Treliakoff Collection, Moscow.—[See Page 83.]



AN EVICTION IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 83.]

A SIX-FATHOM CANOE.

A SIX-FATHOM canoe is one of the most formidable products of savage man. As its name indicates, it is thirty-six feet long, and though built of no stronger material than the smallest birch-bark vessels—and like them having its seams pitched to make them water-tight—it will carry three tons and a dozen men. In Canada the capacity of a canoe is always estimated at half a ton to the fathom, or, as the Indians and traders would say, at ten bags to the fathom. A bag is the measure of a hundred pounds, and the term is used because of the ancient custom, still pursued, of packing all goods that can be so divided into parcels of one hundred pounds each. This is done that the Indians may readily pack the cargoes on their backs when they come to shallow, unnavigable pieces of water, or are obliged to transport their boats overland from one water system to another. Our hunters call such interruptions "carries"; but the French explorers and early rulers of Canada impressed their language upon that country, and a carry is there called a "portage."

In the scenes that Mr. Frederic Remington has sketched for another page of the WEEKLY the process of portaging a boat's cargo is shown. Those types of men he has drawn show the Indian almost in his purity, and the half-breed, having a strong admixture of French with Indian blood. The men, the camp, the water-side settlement, are all features of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory. The vast business of this great trading company is transacted by canoes in most months of the year, and when winter locks up the waters, sleds and toboggans drawn by horses or dogs take the place of the canoes. These winter vehicles still follow the steamers, and traverse the level surface of the lakes to a greater or less extent. In the spring the winter's harvest of furs comes down to the main collecting posts in these canoes, and in the summer the provisions and merchandise for barter are distributed all over British America from these centres in the same way.

The roads of that great northern territory are the waterways, and the vehicles are these boats. The waterways of Canada form a wondrous series of systems of communication. The finer the map of Canada, the more water it is shown to possess. It is like a great sponge, filled and dripping. A vast amount of this water is thrown into Hudson's Bay, but the southern incline of land supplies our great lakes, and, in turn, the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, Red River of the North, the two great Saskatchewans, and many smaller streams. With more or less portaging, a canoe can start from Ottawa and go to Labrador or to Hudson's Bay, and thus to the arctic circle. The western half of British America is equally well commanded from Winnipeg.

FRENCH GAS.

IT was on the seventh landing, half-way up the fourth flight, that I met the faithful Sally, with her expression at half-mast, and a dangerous-looking document in her hand. Our Sally was the tyrant of the cozy little apartment in the Faubourg St. Germain, and played in addition the dual rôle of nurse-maid *chef*.

"I cannot think what it is," said she, rolling her eyes mysteriously. "It was a kind of a soldier that brought it, and he was pretty stiff about it, too. And so," she continued. "I've just busied myself packing up a bit."

"Packing up," I groaned, "and we paid our three months' rent in advance but yesterday! Why, what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinkin'," said she, turning red at the idea of being questioned, "that it wasn't for nothin' thim Frinch frogs was singin' an' jumpin' Boulanger in the streets all last night." By this time we were in the parlor and she had closed the door. "I'm thinkin'," she went on, solemnly holding up the document, "that thim Germans have declared a war, and we've a right to go home. God knows I want no foreigner givin' me the last sacramint in Frinch!"

Sally's lip quivered; she fell into the best chair, fanning herself with her apron. She realized there was no time for etiquette in the hour of death.

It was a long document. From the beginning to the argument proper was about twenty-five centimetres—a little more than a quarter of a yard of "whereas, wherefore, in the name of the French Republic. . . .liberty, equality, and fraternity. . . . the august municipal government of Paris. . . .the government officers of the Eighth Ward. . . .the sacred provisions of French law, etc." In short, if I wanted gas in the house, I would please comply with the formalities prescribed by law.

Sally went out to broil the beefsteak, while I made an unsuccessful attempt to drown my excitement in a French newspaper without any news in it.

In France there is much that is controlled by law. Among other things the government is gas, and gas is the government. A month before our war excitement a slippery, smiling landlord had called to say that the apartment-house in which we lived had changed hands, and he had become the owner. A noble old gray stone structure was the house, with solid oak stairs that were the pride of my heart.

"True, the building is over a hundred years old," said the new landlord; "but as it stands it will outlast two new ones. We no longer build good houses; we modern Frenchmen are too hurried, above all in Paris, where everything is done with a rush."

I looked at him with interest.

"*I* shouldn't say a word. I am an enterprising young chap myself," he continued, smoothing down his *embonpoint*, the result of over half a century of French cooking. "Now, although mamma considers it a dangerous risk, for once I am going against her advice. I want to do something for my tenants, and I am going to put gas into the house."

When he left I gave him a good American hand-shake. Sally and I were delighted. No more spots of glimmer in oceans of gloom. No more Rembrandt dish-washing—one-half the plate in light, the other in blackest shade. No more candle grease on the furniture. No more struggles with those wound-up French lamps that are useless unless you can afford to keep a clock-maker. No more sitting down to read or write like an Irish corpse,

"With a dozen o' candles around his head."

"By next week at the latest," said I to Sally, "we shall have gas."

During the next week our anxious lookout discovered no signs of the promised luxury. The week following we saw two workmen talking in an airy French way with two others. Toward the end of the following week it resulted in an amicable breakfast on our sidewalk. After that it went on swimmingly—according to the French standard. In less than a month there were breaks in the sidewalk; at the end of six weeks we entered the court by means of a plank that bridged a chasm four feet deep. As time rolled on, and we had by force of habit almost become attached to candle-light, we had a message: rich centenarian smells, born of the garlic of dead empires, rose up from the cellar to tell us that something was going to happen soon. It happened.

Again the faithful Sally met me on the stairs, this time all in smiles and her best embroidered apron. "It's General Boulanger," said she. "He's been waiting half an hour; but it's all right; he seems interested in the pictures and things."

"You're mad," I gasped. "What are you talking about?"

"He's come because we're neighbors and Americans, of course," she went on. "Heaven be praised! for if there's a war he'll look after us himself, and see that we get home all right."

The Frenchman who rose to meet me, with his pointed beard, cocked hat, frock-coat, gold stripes, and brass buttons, did not look unlike Boulanger.

"My dear madame," said he, with one hand on his heart, very like an imitation Frenchman in an American play, "I have called to see you on behalf of the city of Paris, to attend to the municipal regulations in connection with the city's Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas."

"Oh!" said I, innocently. "Well, just make out the receipt, and I will pay the deposit. You cannot have the gas put in too soon to please me."

He removed the books and bric-à-brac from the centre table, putting the articles carefully on the floor, one by one. Then he laid his cocked hat on a chair, and opening a portfolio of documents, spread them all over the large round table.

"It is not so easy, madame," he answered.

He was right; it was not easy. I came to this conclusion when he went away, papers and all, about nightfall. In addition to a deliberately written chapter concerning my plain, uneventful career set down in a ledger, Sally's General Boulanger carried away three documents, promising to decorate them with the state seal, and return them to be signed in a new place. The first was an elaborate description of our family tree, no detail so small as to be unwelcome; the second was devoted to personalities concerning myself—my motives in living in Paris, or living at all, future intentions, assets, liabilities, and political views; the third was a solemn promise on my part not in any way to maltreat or abuse the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas, nor to break or steal its possessions, such as meters, lead pipe, and iron gratings. Moreover, I had personally to write down in a book that gas *was* wanted, and that I, no other, desired this particular gas.

A few days later I thought the Chamber of Deputies had strayed from their quarters when Sally ushered in five large, round Frenchmen in heavy overcoats and high silk hats. They were the landlord, his secretary, an architect, a builder, and a representative of the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating, etc. Such a powwow at once began as would pale a ward primary. The upshot of it was: "Where would I have the gas jets?"

"Centre lights in the parlor and dining-room," said I, "and side lights in the other rooms."

A roar went up like the board of brokers in harvest-time; they shook their fists in each other's faces and shook their canes at me. Then they held each other down and argued with me, one at a time.

I was "so small, so inexperienced; nothing but a poor little foreigner!"

"Did I know that gas was a very dangerous thing?"

"Did I realize that if I slept in a room where there was a gas jet not one of them would be responsible for my health?"

"But, gentlemen," I ventured to remark, "in America we have gas in *all* the bedrooms."

"Impossible!" thundered the five. "Contrary to all law." "It would be dangerous to children." "Frightful catastrophes would result." "Why, in America, of New York, we are told, they have not even enough of gas to properly light the streets!"

Overwhelmed for a time, I feebly wondered if we did have gas in all the bedrooms. The big five, outwardly polite, but inwardly convinced that I had tried to deceive them, squeezed single file through the little doors of all my small rooms, tapping walls, measuring spaces, and talking against time. They finally consented to one gas jet in the dining-room, one in the hall, and in the kitchen two—one each for illuminating and cooking. Sally soon learned to say "gaws" or "gozz," her equivalent for *le gaz*, and the word, however uttered, became the household synonym for interminable.

French law provides that gas-pipe shall be laid on the outside of walls, even if they are frescoed by Bouguereau himself. And to discourage suicide, every room where gas is burned must have a grating about six by twelve inches connecting with the hall, and the hall must have a grating connecting with the outer air. Sometimes Sally used to laugh until she cried, and stand wiping the tears away with her apron, while she watched the workmen. A couple of masons would come and dig a hole in the wall. In a few days a carpenter would come and put a casing around it. Later on another kind of a workman would come and set an iron grating in it. By-and-by a plumber would amble in, and with the help of two or three assistants would run some iron pipe along the wall. Sometimes a paper-hanger would come twice or three times with samples; ultimately, with the idea of concealing the gas-pipe, he would paste over it some strips of wall-paper that did *not* match. One room being thus well begun, they would go on with the next one. The masons would dig another hole, and the programme would be repeated.

The big five dropped in often to cheer the work along and admire its progress. Toward the end I could see they felt worried about leaving a family of helpless foreigners alone with the gas; and finally they sent a nice old gentleman to give me gas lessons. He taught me how to light the gas with the aid of a match, and how to turn it off. I was obliged to solemnly repeat the formula after him, and prove my proficiency by going through the motions. He instructed me, moreover, as to the danger of blowing out the gas, pointing his carefully worded phrases by a most ominous and terrifying pantomime. At the close of his lessons he gave me a key to a lock-box in the main hall, and charged me thirty cents for a kind of a French monkey-wrench. In case of fire, I was not to think of saving my family, myself, or my valuables until I had opened the lock-box, and with the aid of the monkey-wrench turned off the gas from our apartment.

We will pass over the return of Sally's General Boulanger with a bill of seven dollars and twenty cents for the government stamps that went on the documents already described, a tax that made me thoroughly appreciate the people who once made tea in Boston Harbor. There was, as a matter of course, a deposit of six dollars, to guarantee the gas bills; but it is needless as well as painful to dwell upon another man in brass buttons who got three dollars for installing the meter, or still another, with gold braid on his sleeves, who collected thirty cents a month each for the care of the gas-burners. The banker and the family doctor assured us that all these things were legitimate and customary, and all I could do was to lie awake nights and assure myself we would enjoy that gas enough to make it pay.

We had only been trying to enjoy the gas for a few weeks when there was a murder epidemic in Paris. It culminated in a horrible affair; the inhabitants of a small apartment were murdered in their beds—servant, child, and all. The *Herald* and *Galignani* warned Americans not to admit to their homes any men who did not come on authentic and well-understood business. One day I was invited to the American quarter for a noon-day breakfast. "It may be late in the afternoon before I return," said I to Sally; "and now, above all things, be very careful whom you let into the flat when you are alone with the child."

"You know you can depend on me," she answered, with an expression like Joan of Arc at the stake. It was easy to see she did not like to be left alone, but was nerving herself for the worst.

As usual, I waited in vain for an omnibus that afternoon, and came home in one of those little victorias that cost thirty-five cents a trip in Paris. When a block away from the house I observed there was an unusual excitement in our street. I looked up to see if I could catch a glimpse of the child. High up, hanging out of my bedroom window, was a crazy Frenchman, yelling at the top of his lungs. It seemed to me I was years paying the cabby and climbing the stairs.

When I arrived at our landing the trial was just beginning, and I had only to join the crowd. One gendarme, whose sword clanked against the oaken balustrade, had my fainting Sally by the arm. The *concierge*, his wife, and all the neighbors chattered in concert. There were the butler from the Ministry of War, the two gendarmes who were arresting Sally, the man and his wife who kept a *crémerie* hard by, a footman from the Spanish ambassador's, two *piou-pious*, or common soldiers, an aged maiden lady of rank who was having hysterics in the arms of her maid, and several little errand-boys in blouses.

A perspiring, dishevelled Frenchman mopped his brow and pointed at Sally. "This woman," said he, "is a murderess. She locked me in a room, and had I not summoned assistance would undoubtedly have assassinated me."

"You are our prisoner," said the two gendarmes to Sally, who was luckily none the wiser for what they said, but went ahead with her explanation.

"The murdering villain come in an' pertended to be a gas-man come to take the meter, whin sure I'd a right to know him for a thafe whin the rale gas-man had just left from takin' the meter and puttin' that same in the book. 'Gaws,' sez he to me in Frinch. 'Ye can't come in,' says I. An' whin he paid no attintion to what I said, but walked by me into your room, I knew him for a murderer, an' I turned the kay on him like a cat. 'Aha!' says I, 'ye'll find the gas-book an' the jewels in the desk, but it isn't far ye'll go with 'em.' An' thin, the child bein' aslape, I laid her in my room and locked her in, bless her heart! an' thin I called out the parlor windy fer the police."

The gendarmes, consulting each other—they always travel in pairs in France—adjusted their swords and capes, preparing to move on with Sally.

"Who are you?" I asked the alleged murderer.

"Madame, I am an official of the municipality. I represent the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas, and I demand justice."

"But a gas-man had just been here and made an entry in our book."

"Madame, it is my place to follow him, and see that no falsification takes place."

Slowly and unobtrusively I slipped a four-dollar gold piece into each policeman's hand; slowly and unobtrusively they relaxed their hold on Sally.

"This poor girl," said I, "ignorant of your language, has made a dreadful mistake. But she is an American, she loves France, and I promise you it shall not happen again."

"He looks the cutthroat he is," said Sally; "just a fit one to live in this hathen country. Small loss whin they cut his head off with the Frinch machine."

"What does she say?" asked the gas-man.

EYES VERSUS EARS.

VERY EXCITED GENTLEMAN. "Hey! here! Officer, where are your ears? Don't you hear those awful screams? Some one is being murdered."

OFFICER. "Ears, eh? Where's your eyes? Don't you see the plate on the door?"

It was four silver dollars this time, and he hollowed his capacious palm to receive them.

"She says," I replied, "that she made a very absurd mistake to suspect a man of your appearance, and she most humbly begs your pardon."

The representative of the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas bowed and smiled. I took the hint. Sally and I slipped into the flat, and closed the door. In spite of all, the child still slept. The crowd dispersed, and we heard the last footsteps down the stair. It was growing dark.

"Sally," said I, "this entertainment is worth twelve dollars the first time, but I should not care to go again. Bring me the key and the French monkey-wrench," I continued, "and light all the candles."

With the key, the monkey-wrench, and a candle, I stepped firmly out into the deserted hall. And then and there I turned that French gas off forever.

Minnie Buchanan Goodman.

THE CHENEYS' VILLAGE AT SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has shown most graphically that poverty does not keep step with progress; that it neither is its companion nor its offspring; that from progress, on the contrary, has resulted a better state of things for the wage-earners. The wage-earners in the cotton-sheeting industry, if they were paid in what they produce, would receive more than twice as much as they did in 1840. In that year the wages paid to each hand were equivalent to 1936 yards; in 1885 the men's wages were equivalent to 4154 yards. This was an advance of 114 per cent.; but the increase in efficiency of labor was 208 per cent.; the increase in the value of product was 122 per cent., while the increase of wages per hour, in money, was 89 per cent. The decrease in the price of the product was 28 per cent. These statistics declare the truth of what I have been saying: labor is absolutely better off than it was; and yet there continue to be almost innumerable pegs on which to hang controversy between employer and employed.

The same statistics tell so many different tales, singing to one man the fatal delusions of hope, and crooning to another of enormous disaster, that they are the most unsatisfactory basis for the student of economics, unless he is in a position to be untouched by their meaning. When they are resorted to by the one side and the other in the controversy between capital and labor, they are the endless source of bitter quarrelling. Perhaps the most potent evil engendered by the wage system, that which is most disruptive of the peace of the community, is the mass of statistics in which both sides have sought to measure the forces and elements which go to production. It is not always true that figures do not lie; and in order that they may not be distorted into a lie they must be interpreted with the utmost impartiality. From their very nature, in order to tell the truth at all, they must tell the whole truth. Nothing is so deceptive as distorted light, which is only another name for half-revealed facts. Ingenious partisans can do what they will with figures, and so long as we may oppose percentages of increase and decrease with absolute amounts, there will always be room for a dispute between those who pay and those who receive wages. The capitalists who engage in a joint enterprise have a simple problem. They buy their labor and materials in the cheapest market, and sell their products in the dearest, and the division of the result among them is a matter of elementary arithmetic. But when you come to measure human relations in numerals, your yardstick is so inadequate that it obeys the desires of any manipulator. Impartial measurers may catch a glimmer of the truth, but thus far they have had very little influence in the controversy. There are signs that they are to have more in the future. But whatever they see, and whatever they discover, there will always be discontent among men who are dependent on others for the means of subsistence.

The lesson that the history of the wage system teaches to the impartial observer, the man whose vision is clear enough to see that the condition of the working-man has improved, is that the new elements of production are coming nearer together; that the employed is pursuing the employer with a very swift and a very sure foot. Above all things, it is to be borne in mind that all readjustment of relations on an arithmetical or economical basis will be merely temporary and tentative. Changes in the system of taxation, increase of wages, decrease of hours, abolition of tariff charges, improved dwellings, and all that, are steps in the great advance, but they must leave behind the cause of the controversy, for it is impossible for man to resist his native impulse to struggle against all human mastership.

The best that is done for the working-men is by way of mitigating their conditions of life, and this is done either from motives of philanthropy or from a wise recognition of what may be called a business principle—that it is better for both capital and labor when the two are on friendly terms. A good many experiments have been tried, looking to the improvement of the working-man. The truth is, however, that working men and women much prefer to work out their own improvement, and are very strongly inclined to resent the restraints and restrictions of philanthropy. Moreover, philanthropy often fails of its end, and does positive injury, by making its moral standard the measure of a working-man's industrial value. "If you don't go to my Sunday services or avail yourself of the privileges of my library and reading-room, if you stop away from my course of lectures, where you may hear the most moral humorists of the country, you shall not be regarded with favor in my mill," is too often the impression which is given by some well-intentioned persons to those whom they seek to benefit. This is doubly unfortunate, because it involves a misunderstanding and inappreciation of good motives. Whether they are right or wrong, a good many people resent the patronage that is involved in philanthropy, and a very large number of persons who earn their living prefer to order their own lives. It is not my purpose, however, to illustrate the truth of what I have been saying generally concerning the relations of capital and labor by reference to misdirected efforts of any kind. A variety of methods have been tried by business men, governed wholly by business principles, not primarily for the ameliorating the condition of the wage-earners, but for promoting contentment, as a security against strikes and other hostile labor movements, and for making life in a mill village as pleasant as possible for the proprietors. Efforts based on sound business principles, modified, as all efforts are, by humane considerations, have been very successful.

At South Manchester, in Connecticut, there is what, in many respects, is the most attractive mill village in the country. There may be similar villages equally lovely in other countries, but there is none in the United States. Pullman is an organization of a different kind—very much larger, very much more important, very much newer, but not nearly so charming. Pullman may be compared with South Manchester because it is based on very much the same principle. The people who live in Pullman, however, have nothing to do with its government except as it constitutes a district in the free-school system of Illinois, while every voter in South Manchester has a voice in the town government. In other respects, and especially in physical characteristics, Pullman is a decided contrast to South Manchester.

The Connecticut settlement lies about the silk mills of the Cheney Brothers; and it is worthy of description, because it illustrates a principle which obtains in very few mill villages, and shows how greatly both the employers and the operatives are benefited when the community of interest between them is strengthened. In South Manchester the Cheneys are not only the employers of their operatives, but their neighbors as well; and it is for their domestic comfort, as well as for their commercial advantage, that these neighbors should be as happy and contented as possible.

A visitor to South Manchester, especially one familiar with the common type of New England mill village, would find it difficult to believe that large red brick factories exist amid so much natural and artificial beauty. The village is scattered through a large park, and beyond into the open country. The ground is rolling, and the grass is beautifully kept. From one end to the other of the park there is not a fence; nor is there a garden, nor a pigsty, nor a chicken coop. There is an immense expanse of swelling lawns, hills, and dales, all as green as the North Meadow at its best estate. The shade is neither too much nor too little. There is plenty of it, and so is there plenty of sunshine. The trees are such as exist nowhere in New England outside of the valley of the Connecticut. South Manchester is about ten miles from Hartford, just beyond the rich grass and tobacco lands of the town of East Hartford. Under the trees are the mills, the offices, and the other business buildings of the company. On the ridges and in the low places are the houses of the proprietors and the workmen. There is about the place the atmosphere of an intelligent single purpose. The houses vary. The elder Cheneys live in dwellings that are plain, in the fashion of thirty or forty years ago, and that have been added to from time to time in obedience to the demands of growing families or to the tastes of increasing possessions. Younger members of the family have built more modern and more imposing dwellings. There are houses in South Manchester representing every phase of the spirit of rural architecture, from the simple, well-proportioned gabled house, to the square, Mansard-roofed, five-columned Parthenon, and recently there have been ambitious efforts in the modern fashion—excellent examples of domestic architecture. Although there is this variety, the houses bear a stronger likeness to one another than is observable in the ordinary village. The operatives' houses may be classified. Some are for headmen, and some are for the cheapest hands. Between these two are other grades. There are, therefore, rows of buildings in which each house is precisely like its neighbor, and on the outskirts of the wooded park are some that are constructed after the familiar mill-village pattern. To one looking from the steps of the office over the lawns, and seeing the small cottages scattered here and there under the trees, no fences about them, no small enclosures of any kind, set down in the grove with regard simply to the neighborhood of the road, the place suggests an English park, with possibly a superabundance of game-keepers, foresters, and people and retainers of that sort. There are none of the attributes of a manufacturing town which, in Mr. Webster's view, made the lives of those employed in a factory so unwholesome, and so immeasurably inferior to the lot of the farmer who dwells amid the beauties of nature, and breathes the unpolluted air of the country.

At South Manchester the business of manufacturing is carried on without any of the ordinary accessories of the mill village. There are no dusty roads littered with the ash heaps, tin cans, and kitchen refuse of the houses. The roads are as good dirt highways as can be made in the sandy soil of the neighborhood. Gravel and red clay have done their best, and this best is very good. The sidewalks are the customary asphalt paths so popular in New England villages, not beautiful but very clean, and exceedingly useful in the long muddy springs of that part of the country, where the subsoil shrinks away from the frozen surface every night, and every morning finds the earth a hollow mockery. A great many New-Englanders have a very keen appreciation of beauty, and especially of the beauty of verdure and foliage in villages, but they can never rise superior to their sense of comfort and neatness which is gratified by the winding tar or asphalt path.

In many a mill village one stumbles over cinder-strewn paths, or, generally, walks out in the road, for the sidewalk either does not exist or is encumbered with the wreckage and unkempt children of the bordering hovels. These hovels stand close together in long, eye-wearying rows. It is very seldom that a freshly painted mill tenement is met. Within a year of their construction at the farthest, the paint is blackened with the grime of the occupants' toil. Through their opened doors one may catch a glimpse of still more touching wretchedness—the wretchedness of the intimate life of the tenants. And this squalor and desolation are the more repulsive because they exist in incongruous surroundings. We are accustomed to them in the tenement-house districts of great cities. There, if anywhere, they are fit, but in the country, where land is cheap and abundant, it is shocking to find closely built rows of dwellings, with not a spear of grass near them, in front or in the rear, with no green thing save an occasional cabbage or potato patch, the bare ground ugly and littered, here and there offensive pigsties or goat stables. Near enough to be too convenient for the peace of the community is a groggery, where the men spend their leisure hours and their earnings, while slatternly women sit on the front steps and vent their grievances against man and the universe.

There is little hope for such people and little incentive to ambition. There is many a mill and mining town in this country in which there is neither church nor school, but although this cannot be said of New England, there are mill villages and cities in that enlightened part of the country where children are reared in such vicious surroundings that wickedness and crime may be almost said to be forced upon them. In the mill towns where there are no restraints upon the vicious, where the dissolute and depraved enjoy every opportunity for the indulgence of their appetites and passions, one is most likely to find the tenements of the corporations huddled together in such a manner that those who occupy them are compelled to be in almost constant close association. Respectable operatives and their wives shun employment in such places for a variety of reasons. In the first place, labor troubles are more frequent in such places; the misunderstandings and the disagreements between the bosses and the hands are never healed; discontent is chronic; wages are likely to be below the average. Good hands prefer to go where the feeling between the employer and the employed is more cordial; but, above all, good men and women do not like to expose their children to the temptations of the bad mill village; while the efforts to improve the social and domestic life of factory hands have been neither so numerous nor so successful as to make even the average mill village attractive to quiet, orderly, decent people.

In the bad village children are brought up among surroundings that would make the good fathers and mothers who do not know the evils and hardships of factory life shudder for the consequences. The children are exposed to temptations from their infancy. Before they are old enough to add their mite to the family income they are familiar with the lowest vices to which human nature is prone. If they become worthy citizens, they are saved as by a miracle. They are as badly off physically as morally. They live in ill-ventilated and dirty houses, and are nourished on insufficient and ill-cooked food.

And yet, notwithstanding this state of things, it is true that the condition of the working-men in factories has improved, and is now improving rapidly. The average mill town, bad as it is, would have been the dream of a philanthropist in England half a century ago, and although the mean parts of the great manufacturing cities of New England are monuments to dirt and degradation, there is much less misery and more comfort, more sweetness and light, than there were a few years back. There are more mill owners than the Cheney Brothers who are looking after the welfare and comfort of their work-people. There is an excellent illustration at Willimantic, Connecticut, of what good can be done in this direction, and the whole country knows what has been accomplished at Pullman.

It ought to be understood at the outset that the Cheneys do not like to have South Manchester spoken of as a model village, or that they are trying an experiment. Their place is more interesting than any other because whether or not it may be properly called a model village, or spoken of as an experiment, it is old; it is very beautiful; the ugly features of the factory town have been abolished; it is a successful and gradual growth from a sound business principle, which seems to have been carried out with much ability and consistency. It is not marked by the regularity of newness that characterizes Pullman; it is a well-grown, time-mellowed rural community, dwelling in a well-trimmed park, away from the clamor of the machinery with which it does its daily tasks. This village has been growing to what it is for a little more than fifty years. The principal mill buildings—red brick, many-windowed—stand in a treeless, grassy spot near the railroad station. There is plenty of sunshine pouring into the rooms, which is essential in the making of textiles. Almost immediately, however, one enters the thickly shaded place where the dwellings are. It is an essential feature of the village, and one which cannot be made too clear, that the men and women—they are mostly women—do not look from their homes upon the walls of their workshop. Whether it was by intention that the home and the workshop were separated as much as possible, I do not know, but it is probable that it was.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the ruling motive of the men who have built up South Manchester was that the village should be an agreeable and pleasant home for themselves and their operatives. They lived there, and worked in the mills, and they had no idea of spending their lives in the mill village of the period. Their landed possessions have become very large. The domain stretches to a great distance in all directions. They practically own the whole valley, having acquired for the village sufficient water rights for a good supply. Under the trees is a sufficient number of houses to constitute a village of some importance. Here is the hall, though not the town-hall, which is between South and North Manchester. There is a free library and reading-room established in the former house of one of the elder Cheneys. The library contains about three thousand volumes, and the reading-room, which is open to the people, is provided with an assortment of periodicals. The books of the librarian show that some of the girls in the factory are avid readers, and although fiction naturally predominates in the list of works taken out by them, history books, biography, poetry, and the old standards that conscience bids us struggle with are not neglected. The corporation has given the library and reading-room to the community, and it is expected that the former will soon be greatly increased in size and value.

A library, however common an adjunct of a New England town, is not usually found in the ordinary mill village, and therefore this feature of South Manchester demands especial mention. Religious services have been held in the hall, but not for several years. Churches have grown up in the neighborhood of the village. Nearly all the sects are represented, and the spiritual food offered to the people is so plentiful and varied that the occasional services at the hall have been dispensed with. There does not seem to be any supervision over the working-people exercised by the heads of the establishment, other than is necessary to spare the place from desecration, and to preserve it as an attractive and agreeable home.

The stores of South Manchester are not built on the property of the company, because of certain restrictions as to the right to sell liquor which are in the Cheney deeds. The town of Manchester, like most other New England towns where local option obtains, is sometimes "license" and sometimes "prohibition." This year the people are getting on under the license system. The Cheneys are sometimes beaten in town politics, and occasionally they find themselves in a minority among the voters from their own end of the town, for they have neither the means nor the disposition to coerce their fellow-townsmen, even though so large a part of them are employed in the silk mills. It is a very large family, and casts a very important vote. When there is a family gathering more than a hundred Cheneys assemble, and their fixed feasts are held in the hall. In the village directory there are more than fifty of the name, and among these, of course, the children are not counted. But these people, numerous and influential as they are, are guided by a very sensible principle. They hold that that town is governed best which manages its own affairs, and that they are the best citizens who follow their own independently formed beliefs. Therefore each Cheney, in public matters, is simply a townsman, and the corporation is nothing at all. If the Cheneys succeed in accomplishing an object, it is simply because their fellow-townsmen—employés and others—are convinced that the object is best for the general good. It is pretty generally the rule that good citizenship is infectious, and, as the Cheneys make no effort to control, their influence goes for what it is worth, and their own efforts in behalf of good schools, good roads, and public order are emulated by the other voters in the town, so that in reality South Manchester is managed, so far as its government is concerned, not by the men who own most of the property, and who maintain it, but by the operatives in the mills, and the people of the surrounding country.

The village and the business have grown together. It was in 1838 that the silk industry was established at South Manchester, and it has been maintained ever since, with probably a larger measure of success than has attended like efforts in Connecticut and elsewhere in America. As the business grew, and houses for the operatives were needed, the mill owners put them up in the park, and when there were a sufficient number near them, they went to the lands beyond, buying what they could get, until now their holdings are very large. The older and better class of houses do not stand very close together. They are comfortable cottages, much better than the ordinary factory tenement. The tenements are all painted the same color, and even the houses that are owned by their occupants, and are colored to the tastes of their proprietors, are not very dissimilar; so that there is an air of common proprietorship about the place, which is one of its few points of resemblance to the ordinary mill village.

In carrying out their purpose to make South Manchester a place in which they could spend their days, its builders have recognized that they must have a community of friendly neighbors and good citizens. Friendly neighbors may be made by kind offices and by good-fellowship. Kindness is of different qualities. There are persons whose friendly offices are most offensive. There are others who gain the good-will of those with whom they come in contact by doing justice and by a kind consideration. There are, of course, poor and unhappy people in Manchester, but the sum of contentment is relatively very great. There are undoubtedly calls upon the employers for charity, but they are met unostentatiously. What must be understood is that here is not such a model village as a family would

erect as a monument to its own benevolence. There are no buildings inscribed with the names of the "donors," nor is there a course of lectures, nor an old clothes or hot soup club, nor a temperance association, nor any device intended to remind the community in its daily goings out and comings in of the splendor of the employer's generosity. I fancy that there is no charity offered at South Manchester that is not needed. What is done in the way of keeping up the appearance of the village, and of increasing the efficiency of the school, is by way of benefit to the whole community, of which the Cheneys themselves constitute an important part.

The private affairs of a tenant and his family are not intruded upon in keeping up the appearance of the village. The houses, which are kept in good condition, are alone rented to the occupant, and there being no fences in the village, there is no enclosure. The lawns about the tenant's house are part of the verdure of the park, in which his cottage is situated; the proprietors look after that park, cut the grass, trim the trees, and do whatever is necessary to preserve its beauty. Each tenant has the advantage of the whole. South Manchester has certainly become, without any violent and sudden effort, one of the most delightful villages in New England. The main street, if there be a main street, skirts one side. As for the rest, the idea of streets is not suggested. The ways are like the winding roads of a park, on one or two of which the houses approach to within about a hundred feet, while the others run through the shady groves. Even the office of the company cannot be approached at the front with a wagon. It is several hundred feet from the road. There is a road in the rear, however, part of the building being used for a storehouse.

These details are essential to indicate with what excellent judgment and taste the landscape features of the village have been preserved and improved, the dwellings hidden away from the factory, the homes separated from the business. The same intelligence that has made of South Manchester a most delightful place of residence has had a good deal of opportunity to look after the welfare of the people in other directions. Most of the operatives in a silk-mill are girls. They are obliged to board, and experience has shown the employers that it is best for the girls to board in small families. Two large boarding-houses have been maintained; but one of these is about to be closed, and the other will be devoted as much to transient business as possible. As a matter of course, the increased value of a man who owns land and a home is recognized, and the mill owners are anxious to help their operatives who are desirous of building. They loan the money on houses built on property bought of themselves, which is naturally sold on restrictions calculated to protect the rest of the community from the intrusion of obnoxious trades and occupations.

It is unnecessary to go further into the detail of management of a place which, of all similar places, is managed so little. There is very little to describe where there is so slight, and at the same time so eminently sensible, a policy. The secret of the success of South Manchester as a village lies in the fact that the proprietors of the principal industry pursued there constitute a very large family directly interested in the mills, fellow-workmen with their operatives, who take an active and intelligent interest in public affairs, who are good neighbors themselves, determined to do all in their power, and to use their influence to the utmost, without intruding upon them or patronizing them, to make those with whom they live contented and happy. They do not want a brawling, unhappy community about them, and are averse to being surrounded by the unsavory abodes of uncared-for poverty. Therefore South Manchester is what this family has helped to make it, and the result is very gratifying.

Labor is contented in this village—as contented as it can be, for all sorts of human nature find their way there precisely as they do to Fall River. The poor and the unhappy are there as elsewhere. There are people who will not take care of their homes, and who cannot be prevailed upon to follow the general example; but they are exceptions compared with operatives and operatives' families in many other New England towns. There was a time when most of the girls who worked in the silk-mills were the daughters of neighboring farmers. This was the first experience of the cotton-mills of New England. But this came to an end, and the American girl found occupations that were more suited to her tastes. She is coming back, however, although not in great numbers. When I asked if the return of the native was not due to the agreeable and attractive surroundings of the silk-mill, I was modestly informed that American girls were finding their way back to other mill towns. Nevertheless, it is permissible to believe that a well-brought-up New England farmer's daughter, educated in the local traditions of cleanliness and well-kept front yards, would rather go to a village like South Manchester, where the mill, with its dirt and discomforts, is not ground into her soul when she is at home, than to the ordinary mill town. The kind of labor that is employed in a silk-mill is, above all others, perhaps, the kind that would most thoroughly appreciate the charms of such a home life as can be had in the village which the Cheneys have built up.

The best evidence of the commercial value of the relations between employer and employed that exist at South Manchester is, of course, the absence of labor troubles. The testimony of those who are most familiar with the place is what is to be expected. There is very much less discontent among the working-people than is ordinarily found in mill towns. There is a very much better and healthier feeling for the employés. There are no strikes or lock-outs, although there have been requests for an increase of wages, and occasionally a few men have knocked off. The hands are paid well and regularly. Their homes are pleasant. Their sick are cared for by good neighbors. They reap the profits of mill-hands, and are surrounded by the pleasures of rural life. And the working-man who cannot enjoy these advantages is hardly worthy of them. If he prefers the dirt and vice of an average mill village, South Manchester is much the better without him. It is easy to see from all this that the average character of the hand in these silk-mills must be higher than is to be found in less-favored places.

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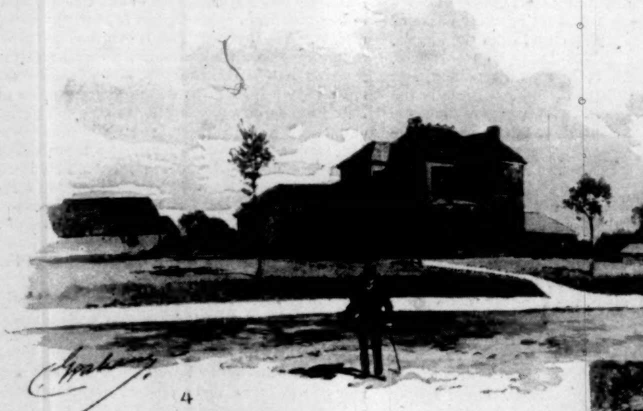
The silk-mills of Connecticut—the State ranks third in the Union in this industry—are not subject to strikes, so that it would be somewhat difficult to make a comparison by statistics which would fully indicate the advantages of such a place as South Manchester to both the mill and the operatives. Wages in the silk-mills are high and occupation is constant. According to the report of the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statistics, the rate of increase of wages in this industry has exceeded that of any other in the State with the exception of the carpet industry. In the latter, from 1860 to 1887, it was 58 per cent. for men and 63 for women; while in the former it was 53 for men and 62 for women. In other industries the rate of increase during the same period was very much less. In brass it was 39 per cent.; in clocks, 36; in woollens, men's wages increased 28 per cent. and women's 46 per cent.



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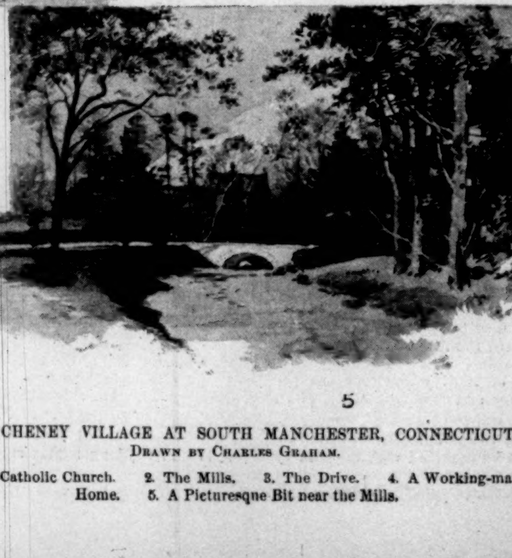
The average weekly wages of a foreman dyer in the silk-mills in 1887 was $25 92. Foremen in brass shops received $24; engineers in carpet-mills, $15; finishers in clock factories, $15; men burlers in woollen-mills, $13 29. These were the highest wages paid to men in each trade examined. How much better off the silk makers are may be seen by the number of people receiving more than the highest wages paid in cotton and woollen mills and clock factories. The foremen of spinners received $17 87; of winders, $19 23; of reelers, $13 04. The highest wages paid to women in the silk-mills were $6 44; in the woollen-mills, $5 68. The strikes reported in the silk-mills of Connecticut by the National Labor Bureau are very few, inconsiderable in extent, and, with one exception, unsuccessful. Not a single strike is reported as occurring at South Manchester.

The rare physical beauty of this village is largely owing to the fact that it is the growth of two generations. For more than fifty years art has been helping nature, so that the product has felt the gentle and beautifying touch of time. Such a village cannot be built in a day, nor can every manufacturer accomplish what the Cheneys have done. Notwithstanding their own assertion that in laying out and building up their mill village they have simply followed a business principle, and have consulted their own pleasure and convenience in making their neighborhood seemly, and the people who must be their neighbors contented, it is the fact that a very large wisdom has been brought to bear upon the problem of the relations of capital and labor, and very excellent taste has been manifested in the creation of the park-like village. The selfishness which professes to be looking out for its own interests in improving the community about it, very closely resembles good citizenship. There are other proprietors of mills who live near their works, who like pleasant surroundings, but who never dream of beautifying the dwellings of their operatives. There are some who will tell you that their operatives prefer to live in dirt and squalor. They take care of themselves by building their houses outside of the village, and shutting out the sight of it by fences and plantations. The village is only an unpleasant incident of the family's afternoon drive. There was a good deal of wisdom and humanity in the conception that the life of the employed would be pleasanter and more comfortable if the neighborhood were well cared for and happier. There is something good implied by a pained recognition of the wretchedness about one. Before another South Manchester can be made, some one with the patience and taste of the Cheneys must own a mill. It is not every mill owner who knows how to deal effectively with a landscape, who appreciates the true value of trees and the real beauty of lawns. In judging as to the probabilities of other similar villages, it must be recollected that the makers of South Manchester were pioneers in removing unsightly fences, and that the people of many a New England village have to thank them for taking the initiative in this admirable reform. In this park also there are no ploughed lands. The earth and what it produces are made to serve the sense of beauty. How many persons are there in New England who would agree to sacrifice so much space to trees and grass? Who would refrain from having their vegetables grown within sight of their piazzas and parlor windows? The men and women who work in the mill at South Manchester are very fortunate in having for employers men who have not only the desire to make a pleasant and charming village, but who have the means and the knowledge to do it, who realize the fact that in such a community as theirs their hands are their neighbors, and that a mutual good-feeling is essential if the community is to be agreeable.

In all that I have said it will be easily seen that the Cheneys have not undertaken to do anything that they wish talked about. They have especially refrained from taking the position of philanthropic builders of a model working-people's village. They have not done a charity to labor; they have simply, good citizens as they are, done their utmost for the village in which they live. The founder of the Village Improvement Society in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, worked in precisely the same direction, and would have accomplished as much if he had owned nearly all the land in the village, and most of the inhabitants were his working-people.

The bearing that all this has upon the labor problem is not difficult to determine. The people who made and maintain South Manchester are, like sensible men, getting along with their wage-earners as comfortably as possible. The discontent of people who work for wages will not be ended suddenly, nor by any efforts from the outside. Philanthropists and agitators may do their best and their utmost, but the existing relations will not be changed by anything which they may say or do. There will be no revolution, but there is even now going on a potential evolution which will eventually, though probably not in our time, put an end to many troubles that now cause much unhappiness and wretchedness, abolish much of the discord that now interferes with industrial progress, and raise the average of humanity by enormously improving the man at the bottom. Such conditions of life as obtain at South Manchester are helping the world forward to the better state of things, for they show how valuable to all concerned are trustful relations between those who are interested in the same enterprise. Peace will come with the recognition by employers and employed of their mutual dependence upon one another, and with the close community of interest which is felt by those who know that the prosperity of each depends upon united earnestness and endeavor. And in this view South Manchester would hardly be worth talking about if it had been built by the manufacturers for their operators—a model village. It is interesting and important because it is the outgrowth of the desire of the employers to live on good terms with the employed.

Henry Loomis Nelson.



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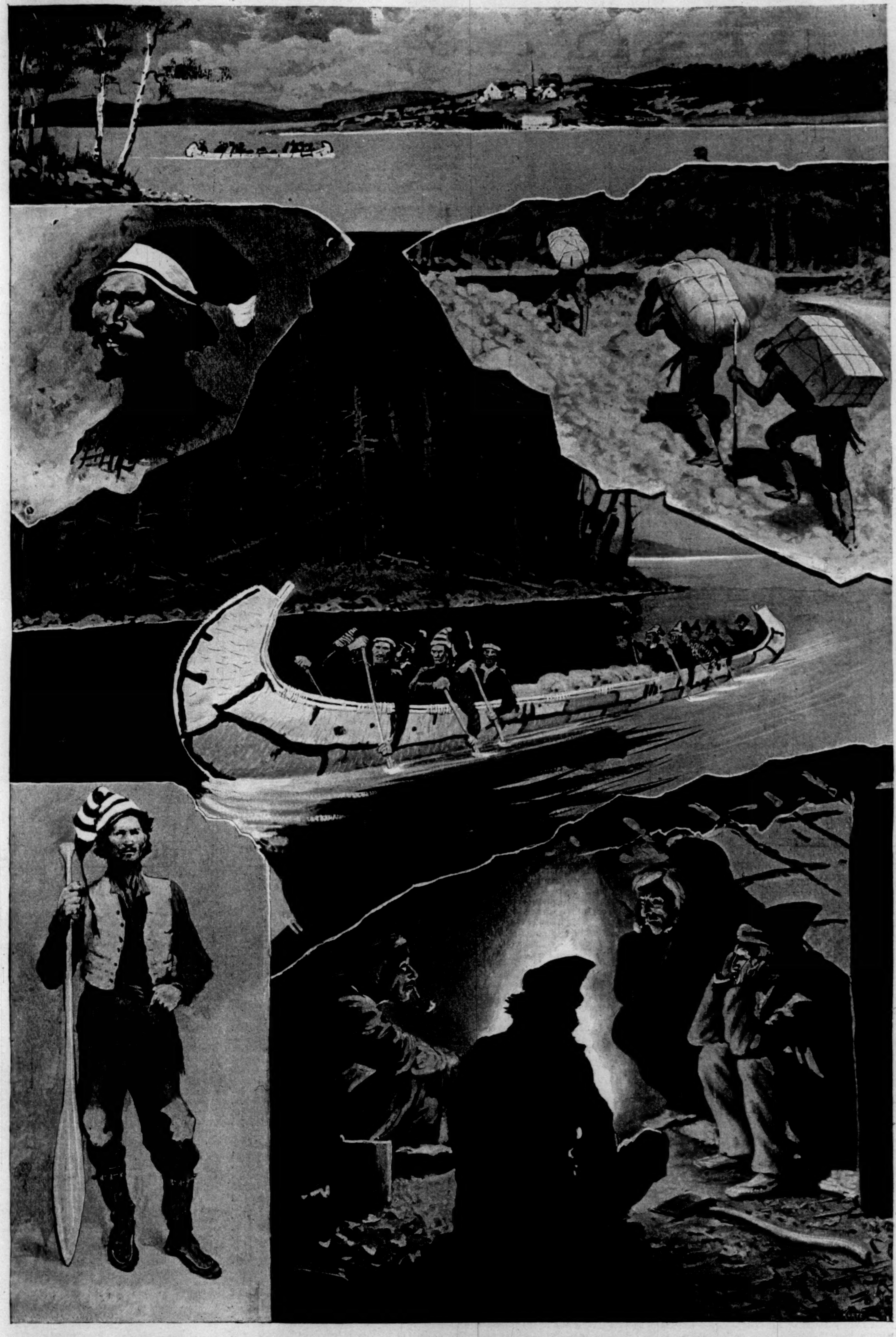
THE CHENEY VILLAGE AT SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT.

Drawn by Charles Graham.

1. The Catholic Church. 2. The Mills. 3. The Drive. 4. A Working-man's Home. 5. A Picturesque Bit near the Mills.



A SIX-FATHOM CANOE BOUND NORTH—SKETCHES FROM THE SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

EXPOSITION MANAGEMENT.

BY CHARLES W. ROBINSON.

THE management of an exposition that seeks to be international in its scope must emanate from the accepted government of the people. This is not only an absolute necessity on the ground that other nations can take no cognizance of an invitation that comes from any other source, but it is eminently just. It is the nation at large that receives the great benefits of an exposition. Many persons wise in state-craft firmly believe that the recent Paris Exposition saved the French Republic from ruin. It is certainly believed by all that the great success achieved at that exposition in the face of monarchical opposition has proved to be a greater blessing to the republic than could have been obtained in any other way by ten times its expenditure. No one act of the American people, except their successful wars, has ever done so much to give the United States a standing among the nations of the world as the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Extended commerce, national friendships, elevated standards, introductions of new commodities and new processes, are benefits that can hardly be overestimated.

While the work of bringing into existence and completing an international exposition must be under the control of a general commission (the chairman of which should be the president of the organization) appointed by the government, to which all appeals are finally made and by it settled, yet the responsibility and authority of each department of exposition work must be so concentrated that decisions will be quickly rendered. The business of exposition management is eminently practical, and based on experience. The results of a decision often depend more upon how quickly the decision is rendered than upon the nature of that decision. The folly of compelling the practical working of the management to be submitted to a governmental commission composed of delegates permanently residing in each State and Territory in the Union was clearly shown in the experience of the Philadelphia Centennial. The commission should be composed of men selected for their integrity and adaptability to the work. The number should not be so large as to check energetic action. The representation of each State and Territory should be obtained in a way that will not defeat the successful working of the commission by loading it with geographical impossibilities.

The management of an exposition naturally divides itself into three quite distinct departments—(1) Financial, (2) Construction, and (3) Exploitation. These departments are more or less interdependent, yet they are properly placed under distinct heads, and should be so conducted. The affairs of the first are best managed by a committee, with a good active secretary, or by a director of finance, with an active advisory committee. This advisory committee, together with those of each of the other departments, should be selected from the general committee or commission, thus insuring harmony of action. At Paris this department was guided by M. Grison, and a wise financier he proved to be.

As the funds of the Paris Exposition were contributed principally by the government, the work at first presented comparatively few difficulties. In August, 1885, a credit of one hundred thousand francs was opened at the Ministry of Commerce for meeting the expense of the preliminary work. In April, 1886, it was agreed in the Chamber of Deputies that the total expenses should not exceed forty-three million francs. Of this amount the state was to contribute seventeen million francs and the city of Paris eight million. The balance of eighteen million francs was left for the guarantors to provide. These forty-three million francs were to be expended as follows:

Construction and Service	37,400,000
Agricultural Department	2,600,000
For Paintings, Sculpture, and Distribution of Awards	3,000,000
Total	43,000,000

A table of comparative receipts and expenditures at other expositions may be of interest in connection with this matter:

	Expenditures.	Receipts.
London, 1851	$1,425,858 08	$2,464,707 00
Paris, 1855	4,870,000 00	623,842 13
London, 1862	2,240,200 00	1,989,541 10
Paris, 1867	3,896,000 00	2,048,979 45
Vienna, 1873	10,714,000 00	1,005,508 90
Philadelphia, 1876	7,792,000 00	3,714,563 28

The larger portion of the eighteen million francs to be furnished by the guarantors of the recent Paris Exposition was met by liberal subscriptions from railroad companies, banks, and private citizens. The Bon Marché and the Magasins de Louvre each contributed five hundred thousand francs. The deficiency was met in a truly French manner, by issuing lottery bonds, each bond having attached to it twenty-five admission coupons. The French people are always ready to buy lottery tickets, but this new inducement found more purchasers than its most sanguine friends dared hope for. To have sold ten millions of these coupons would have been quite sufficient. It would, in fact, be selling before the gates were open nearly as many admission tickets as had ever been sold at any exposition, as the following table of admissions will show:

London, 1851	6,039,195
Paris, 1855	5,162,330
London, 1862	6,211,103
Paris, 1867	8,706,037
Vienna, 1873	7,254,687
Philadelphia, 1876	9,910,966
Paris, 1878	16,000,000

The sales of these lottery bonds soon passed the high-water mark of ten millions, and the Frenchmen were still buying with unabated zeal. Fifteen millions were soon sold, then twenty, then twenty-five. Thirty millions exhausted the issue. The financial prospects of the great enterprise were thus more than assured. The management had received its money before a turnstile had made a single click.

Contrast with this the labors of the financial managers at Philadelphia. When the commonwealth of Pennsylvania had given a million, and the Quaker City one million five hundred thousand, the Financial Committee set about raising ten millions by the sale of stock through the various States and Territories. Their efforts resulted in placing stock to the amount of $2,312,350. The committee then asked Congress for a loan. That body had refused a grant. From this source the sum of $1,500,000 was borrowed, all of which was returned before the stockholders received a cent.

Not only had Paris thus early in its work been assured of financial success, but that other equally important and closely allied element of success was also assured—a large attendance of visitors, who would cheer the exhibitors, fill the coffers of those having concessions, and furnish rich entertainment for persons who attend public places almost solely to study the crowd. When President Carnot opened the greatest industrial exhibition of the world, the republicans of France could well afford to laugh at the dark predictions of the monarchists, who had held themselves aloof, and were only waiting to record the "greatest failure the world had ever witnessed."

With thirty million tickets on the market, the price of one franc could not long be maintained. Speculation soon began, and competition in an overstocked market brought the price of an admission coupon down as low as three cents. Though it did not long remain at this point, yet the average could not have greatly exceeded ten cents. This floating of a large number of admission tickets was certainly a great stroke of wisdom. The same results can be obtained in America, but the same methods must be strictly avoided.

The second department of exposition management—Construction—should be placed under the management of a director of works, assisted, or rather controlled, by an advisory committee. The duties of this department are the preparation of the grounds, the construction of the buildings, and all such features as water supply, drainage, fire protection, landscape gardening, and the care of all real estate during the continuation and after the closing of the exposition. At Paris this work was in charge of M. Alphand, and probably the strongest features of the exhibition were in this department; certainly they were the most striking to the majority of visitors. It has been said that the Paris Exposition appealed to the eye, while the American Centennial appealed to the mind. This is true; but let America's '92 exposition appeal to both mind and eye.

Some idea of how the money turned over to the Department of Construction of the Paris Exposition was expended, and how everything was kept within the estimates, may be obtained from the following table:

Object.	Original Estimate.	Actual Cost.
Palais des Beaux-Arts, Arts Libéraux, Portes, Rapp, and Desaix Galleries	$1,241,358 13	$1,317,744 08
Machinery Hall	1,409,061 45	1,463,712 59
Miscellaneous Industries Galleries	1,137,190 72	1,146,519 75
Sewers and Levelling	102,235 91	102,235 91
Horticultural Exhibition	58,440 00	58,440 00
Agricultural Exhibition	116,880 00	116,880 00
Parks and Gardens	600,500 22	395,960 22
Offices and Police Stations	89,393 72	89,393 72
Fencing	87,660 00	87,660 00
Roads	15,584 00	4,996 62
Bridge Communication	38,960 00	38,960 00
Water and Gas	116,880 00	116,880 00
Railways	70,761 10	70,761 10
Lavatories	34,090 00	....
Restorations	58,440 00	58,440 00
Reserve Fund	938,000 96	600,383 34
Special Reserve Fund	16,144 05	18,681 32
Supplementary Reserve Fund	195,744 78	....
Service, Machinery Hall	18,116 40	18,116 40
Horticultural Shows	12,856 80	12,856 80
Social Economy	14,726 88	14,726 88
Totals	$6,373,025 12	$5,733,348 73

A serious difficulty in estimating requisite size of buildings has been experienced by the managers of nearly all expositions in the past, but more especially by the commissioners at Philadelphia in 1876. This difficulty should no longer exist. Expositions are now too well established for such uncertainty, and under popular management the question should be how large a display in each department is advisable? Decide this, plan buildings accordingly, and then seek to fill the space with exhibits of the highest standard of excellence. This method, if carefully handled, works greatest justice to the largest number. "Standing room only" is not a bad sign, whether it be tacked on the door of an opera-house or an exposition building.

The third division of exposition management, that of Exploitation, is best managed by a director of exploitation, with an advisory committee. He who would receive this appointment must become a school-master of no little importance. Through his work nations are to be taught, and the lessons of peace, art, and industry are to be instilled into the hearts and minds of millions who are more or less to shape the future of the world. His methods of teaching are to be objective, and must be modelled on the most approved system. He has no compulsory educational laws to fill his benches, and if they be not filled, or, in other words, if the turnstiles at the gates are not kept clicking, the world, or at least the American portion of it, will call the whole affair a failure. That which does not "pay," Americans have little place for in their admiration. The educational lessons must not only be presented, but they must be truthfully presented. I remember hearing Martin B. Anderson, the educator, say: "The great advantages to be derived from a collegiate education lie in finding where we stand. One-half of mankind start in life overestimating themselves; the other half underestimating. Either may prove fatal; but when young men have brought their works in sharp competition before a common judge, they soon learn their true position." So it is with nations. "A nation's own citizens often know its strength and weakness least."

That this task of education was faithfully performed by Director-General M. Georges Berger at the Paris Exposition but few will deny. True, as an English critic has said, "it was not an epoch-making exposition," and the lessons intended to be taught by reproducing foreign streets and ancient temples were materially injured by filling them with fakirs and unwashed venders of trinkets. The amusements did not all conform to the standard set by our Puritan forefathers; the grouping of the exhibits was not always the best; but these faults are easily forgotten as the visitor remembers the grand display of art, architecture, engineering, and electrical development. In the organization and execution of the detail work, M. Berger's long experience in exposition management was plainly visible.

The department of Exploitation may be subdivided to conform to the business methods and experience of its director, but will of necessity include, among others, the following departments: local industrial exhibits; local art exhibits; local machinery exhibits; local educational exhibits; foreign exhibits; collective exhibits; exhibits of live-stock; exhibits of agriculture, horticulture, and pisciculture.

Most of these departments will of necessity be again divided. All must be looked after with the idea of completeness in each department. One must not be developed to the disadvantage of another. When the applications for space at the Philadelphia Exhibition were examined, it was found that the exhibitors of furniture had asked for two-thirds of all the space in the American section, while textile fabrics were scarcely represented. To avoid this error is no easy matter, and safety lies alone in the most faithful vigilance on the part of the director. Not only should the exhibits be reasonably large in number, but they must be of a standard, and so arranged, as to satisfy the critical inspection of the experts in each department. It is the judgment of experts that moulds the popular sentiment. Where the experts lead, the people will follow.

In the first, third, and fourth divisions of this partial classification the exhibits are easily obtained. The attention of the management should be directed mainly to the standard of exhibits and the completeness of each group.

The second, so far as those works of art that are still in the hands of the artists are concerned, will require more checking than urging; but the work intended to show the history of art, its various schools and individual members, is a difficult and delicate task.

Foreign exhibits in the past, with one or two notable exceptions, have received but little attention other than the invitation issued by the general government. Here is an opportunity for great improvement. The results of the work among the half-civilized nations, as shown in Paris the past year, are sufficient indication of what similar efforts among the most advanced nations will bring. To present the strong features of American manufacturing processes and the products of her inventive genius for the study of foreign mechanics and to fill the reports of foreign commissioners without obtaining a full exhibit of their strong features for American study, is a one-sided bargain which has but little profit.

Perhaps no department in the recent Paris Exposition received more attention than the collective exhibits, the results of which were shown in the great and instructive collections in the Liberal Arts Building, the Habitations of Mankind, and the government collections on the Seine and the Esplande des Invalides.

It may be difficult for America to equal some of the collections shown in the Liberal Arts Building; but, if I mistake not, the collective exhibits of 1892, as a whole, will surpass anything yet seen. Such a result certainly lies within the power of America.

The next group in the classification is that of live-stock—a department in which the United States not only excels any nation in variety and quality of its blooded animals, but nearly equals them all. France has no better Percheron horses than America. The Isle of Jersey cannot equal her in its own favorite breed of cattle. The Holsteins of Holland have been improved by American breeders. England's short-horns, Herefords, Devons, and Scotland's Galloways, are fully equalled here. The American thorough-bred, Clyde, Belgian, Cleveland-bay, and French coachers are fully up to the standard of their cousins across the water. The winners at "The Royal," in the Southdown and Oxfordshire classes of sheep, have been defeated in American rings. The possibilities of this department have not yet been seen in America. Many local live-stock exhibits of great value have been held. That at Buffalo, New York, last September was the largest live-stock display, considering quantity and variety, that the world has ever seen, yet it did not show the full possibilities of American breeders.

The American farmer, as a general rule, is difficult to reach. The exposition manager must know where he lives, and then approach him with great care. Personal work alone will tell in this department. It must not be ignored, but should receive great attention. There has been slowly growing for the past five years a very important export trade in American blooded animals. Europe, South America, Australia, and other portions of the globe are beginning to look to the United States for their blooded stock. The impetus given to this industry by a representative exhibit in 1892 will result in getting back the millions that this country has paid other nations for its foundation stock. That this industry has kept pace with all others since 1876 may be inferred from the following table of animals exhibited at Philadelphia and Buffalo:

	1876. Philadelphia.	1889. Buffalo.
Horses	193	773
Cattle	412	667
Sheep	47[illegible]	1432
Swine	199	483

The remaining groups of this classification are as difficult to reach as they are extensive in this country, but to fail to give them their proportionate share of attention would be to strike a blow at America's greatest industry.

To the popular mind the erection of buildings and the getting together of interesting and attractive exhibits is about all that there is of exposition management. The facts, however, are quite otherwise. The preparation of buildings and the collection of exhibits is the pleasantest part of the work. There are problems involved in the management the solution of which is difficult and unpleasant. These never come to the surface, except as mismanagement brings them there, and then their importance is very impressive. Vienna, in 1873, had plenty of exhibits of a most creditable nature, but her success does not excite envy.

Among the other problems which may be mentioned are the following:

(1). *Awards.*—From the time when "in the third year of his reign....he [Ahasuerus] showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore days," to the closing of the last exhibition, there has been no more difficult problem for managers to face than that of granting awards. The prevailing system of the past has been little better than nonsensical. To select several hundred judges from all parts of the world to pass upon as many thousand exhibits and distribute a certain number of graded prizes with justice to all is an impossibility, and to the most careless observer at Paris the past summer its impracticability must have been embarrassingly evident from the number of "Gold medal refused," "Silver medal refused," "Bronze medal refused," etc., that were displayed at exhibitors' stands.

It has been said by some one that when the ideal exposition is obtained, there will be no awards of any kind granted by the management. Exhibitors will place their products before the world and let the people be the judges. Those who are to buy will decide for themselves. This would indeed be an easy way out of the many difficulties that confront the management, but an announcement of this kind would cut off the majority of applications for space. Something tangible is demanded. I have, in the past, and especially at the recent Paris Exposition, questioned many thousand exhibitors to ascertain the motive which they have in making an exhibit. In very few cases—in fact, almost none—have I found the factor of possible awards wanting in an exhibitor's mind. In the majority of cases the leading motive was possible awards, and in many cases this comprised the entire motive.

I certainly believe the system in vogue at Philadelphia in 1876 to be the best ever employed by the prominent international expositions. Here the responsibility for each decision was fixed, thus insuring greater care in rendering judgment. The injustice of selecting a certain number of exhibits from a large group, and saying that this one is good, that one better, but this one is best, without saying what the article is good for, is done away with by selecting all those that are worthy of recognition, granting a uniform award, and referring to the signed report of the judges for the special merits of the exhibit. In any group one exhibit may be best for one class of work, and another for another; but to say that one should have a gold medal, and the other a silver, necessarily implies a standard which does not exist.

That this "American system," as it has been called, is still cumbersome, and in some respects fails to do justice to all, is recognized by Mr. Francis A. Walker, chief of the Bureau of Awards at Philadelphia, who, in speaking of this subject, uses the following language:

"At one point the adjudication suffered a serious disadvantage, affecting both the temporary and the permanent values of its results. This was due to the lack of certain conditions and restrictions to which the scheme of awards should have been subjected, with reference to the kind and the economic importance of articles which should receive attention from the judges. However it may have been with the 'medal system' of Europe, the system of descriptive and discriminating reports, which was substituted therefor at Philadelphia, cannot be advantageously applied to petty exhibits, especially to such as are not of a commercial character. If any exhibitor may receive an award simply upon the merit of the individual samples of his product shown, without respect to the extent of his display, or to the amount and economic importance of his production at home, the report of the judges will be so

multiplied, and the subjects will become so trivial, as greatly to impair the authority and the dignity of reports on exhibits of importance."

The "American system," with proper restrictions and greater care in preparing application blanks, gives the practical solution of this very difficult problem.

(2). While there are many minor motives that prompt exhibitors to make displays at an exposition, the one great incentive is that of commercial gain, which can be met in some cases only by direct sale. Here the management must proceed cautiously. To draw the lines too closely would be to deprive many exhibitors of all benefits derived from the expense of their displays, and prevent the visitors from taking away with them purchases that would prove interesting souvenirs, and in some cases the introduction or development of new industries in the country, yet to be too liberal would result in lowering the standard of the exhibition to that of a trinket-vender's shop. The rivalry of salesmen would soon become so disgusting to visitors that the great educational features in other departments would be lost sight of, and the public criticism would bring about a practical closing of the gates. The rules and regulations of past expositions bearing upon this point have been not so much in error as the enforcement of them. Very great injustice was complained of at Paris during the past summer by many exhibitors, but especially by those in the United States section, who, at first, found much difficulty in getting even the most just concessions, while other departments seemed to find no restraint whatever.

(3). Another vital and perplexing problem always presents itself. How can all departments of the exhibition be opened at the appointed time? This question must be early taken in hand, and must receive the daily personal attention of the manager. He must be kept informed of the progress of exhibits in each group, and by just but strict rules urge, if not compel, the delivery of goods in time to be placed for the opening.

The financial failure of the Vienna Exposition of 1873 was due as largely to the incomplete state of exhibits at the time advertised for its opening as to any other cause. There has never been an exposition held that has not suffered more or less from this difficulty.

(4). Any one who has ever taken up the work of visiting an exposition must soon have found that a few hours of uninterrupted study of exhibits is not only wearisome, but that anything beyond this defeats the very purpose of the study How often, after studying a nation's art collection in some great exposition, has the student, wearied by that study, passed into the adjoining gallery—to that of some other national collection—and turned away in disgust, or at least disappointment, at the unfavorable comparison, only to find his judgment reversed on a subsequent visit?

This same difficulty may be more clearly illustrated by calling attention to similar experiences in the great galleries of Europe, where, after the enthusiastic admiration and study of a certain school of painters, one passes to that of a different school. The latter may be of just as high standard; the critics may have long since sealed it with their stamp of approval; but the mind of the visitor has been turned for the time in a different channel, and in its exhausted condition positively refuses to take in the equally great but widely different beauties of the other school.

A rest is needed before doing justice to the second problem. Realizing this fact, a wise management will not only provide that means of rest, but will fill the time with entertaining concerts, piano and organ recitals, or even lighter amusements, where both the physical and mental man may be rested for a new beginning.

(5). "Tariff for revenue only" is the principle on which all exposition charges should be made. The manager is compelled to look squarely at two great facts in his work. First, he must receive revenue from every legitimate source, or meet an unfortunate balance-sheet, which means the worst of failures. Revenue is a grievous tax, every levy of which tends not only to defeat the important features of the work, but to reduce the amount of the revenue itself. A manager's guide in this matter must be his experience, often bought at a great price. The revenue is derived from three sources—admissions, privileges or concessions, and charges made against exhibitors. The first is usually set by the nation's custom. The second, while it is a most legitimate source of revenue, yet, if overtaxed, forces those purchasing the concessions to extortion, which soon cuts the revenue from all sources, and brings down the worst of criticism upon the management. Experience alone can insure a proper adjustment of these prices. What will be just in one nation will be extortion in another. A percentage that would be just in one line will prove excessive in another. The last source of revenue is the most delicate to handle. The exhibitors and managers are emphatically of "one house," and if the house be divided against itself it will surely fall.

In the international expositions of the past but few charges have been levied upon the exhibitors. Their space has been granted to them free. Their passes come easily, and with little or no cost. Their goods upon arrival were handled at the lowest possible price, or, as in the case of Philadelphia, all terminal charges were found impracticable, and the original order charging one dollar for each package of 500 pounds or less was rescinded, and charges already collected were returned. This was not because the tax was unjust, but simply because the difficulty of collecting the tax made it both unprofitable and unpleasant. The expositions of the future, however, must take hold of this question with vigor. It will no longer do to turn the space over to the exhibitors, and say: "Here, we charge you nothing for the building. Now fit it up in a proper manner at your own expense." The result of such regulations in the past has given us a chaos of exhibits. One exhibitor spends time and means in designing an artistic arrangement of cases and drapery. He may have paid much attention to graceful lines and color effects, only to find placed in adjoining spaces exhibits of no artistic pretension, or whose "studied niceness," when placed in juxtaposition to his own, may ruin the effect of both

The standard of exposition arrangement has been materially elevated by the recent Parisian example. The contrast between the artistic arrangement of exhibits in the French sections and the sad conglomeration of American exhibits was not a subject for patriotic contemplation. In the future the management must assume a larger dictation as to all placing of exhibits and design of cases. This will incur a tremendous additional expense; all of which is a proper tax against the exhibitor, and its adjustment should be made with great care. Exhibitors will stand a considerable tax, if presented to them in proper form.

In the past the giving of medals has been a serious tax upon the exposition, where it should more properly remain than, for instance, the terminal charges. But experience has taught that the terminal charges, which properly belong to the exhibitor, are best assumed by the exposition management, while the exhibitors seem to be quite delighted to stand the cost of issuing their medals. Paris, even after agreeing to deliver medals free, changed her mind, and decided to issue only certificates of medals above the bronze value. I have yet to hear of any one who objected to paying the price.

(6). The question of admission prices is best determined by the manner in which the people of the nation giving the exposition have been educated. In Paris last year the admissions were as follows: Students' hours (8 to 10 A.M.), 2 francs; during the day, 1 franc; during the evening, 1 franc; Sundays, 1 franc; during the Exhibition, 100 francs; fête nights, special prices.

Once upon the inside, however, there were endless numbers of special exhibits and conveniences, for which one had to pay to enjoy. The outer edges of the grounds were dotted here and there by "side shows" of nearly every nature, for which an admission of one franc was usually charged. An extra charge was made to see the pastel exhibit, and the same for the water color collection. If the weary visitor innocently sat in one of the thousand chairs placed around the grounds, he was immediately presented with a bill. If at the fountain illumination in the evening he mounted a seat for a moment to get a little better view of the display, he was sure to be interrupted by a female attendant, who insisted upon payment for use of same. This matter of extra charges was carried even farther than this, apparently with little protest The American people will stand nothing of this kind. They are willing to pay a good round sum for admission; but once in, they emphatically protest against extra charges.

(7). Placing before the world a large number of well-selected exhibits properly housed, and all details of management wisely looked after, should be the primary object of exposition management, but the introduction of a high standard of novelties, if such they may be called, should also come in for its share of attention. International scientific congresses, held in some suitable hall erected on the exposition grounds, give dignity and character to the occasion. Some striking features, like the Eiffel Tower, arouse the curiosity of the world. The illuminated fountains of the Glasgow and Paris expositions played no small part in the success of those undertakings. Special days should be selected, in commemoration of great events or ideas, where the expressions of patriotism and kindred sentiments can be appealed to, to break the monotony of a six months' exhibition.

(8). While, for the sake of comparative examination on the part of the judges and visitors, a wise installation system demands that all the exhibits in any one group be placed together, yet the conflicting interests of exhibitors must not be lost sight of. Any one who has had to deal with a considerable number of exhibits in a musical department of a large exposition realizes that there are problems of this kind that must be settled before the exhibits are placed.

(9). To say that there were six thousand four hundred and sixty-three patients treated by the Medical Department of the Philadelphia Centennial, suggests another problem that the management must look well to.

(10). It is argued by some persons that there is not time in which to prepare for a great World's Fair to be held in 1892. That the exhibition will suffer in some particulars may be true, but the very nature of the situation gives the American people an opportunity to show one of their strongest characteristics—the power of bringing great results to pass in an incredibly short time.

There was no exhibit at the recent Paris Exhibition that spoke louder praise for French manufacturers than the fact that the seventeen acres of corrugated glass used in the construction of buildings were all made by one house in two hundred and forty days, and of the eighty workmen employed, not one was of foreign extraction.

SNOW-BOUND IN THE SIERRAS.

THE Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains, which so greatly tax the forethought and constructive ability of the civil engineer in the building of railways through their rocky barriers, also cause the railway companies much difficulty in the operation of the roads after their completion. When the line has been located through the narrow winding passes which divide the mountain ranges, and the immense work of blasting tunnels and deep cuts through the rocky location, with the frequent turning or bridging of the channels of foaming streams, has been effected, there remain constantly to be combated the devastating floods of summer and the snow blockades of winter. Even in the most arid and parched regions of the elevated plains, the high mountain ranges that separate them constantly gather clouds which condense and fall in rain or snow. The loftier peaks, which until midsummer have retained their snowy mantles of the winter before, begin in early autumn to don their white caps, and they whiten from the tops downward as the season advances; by November the peaks of the main range are a procession of snowy pyramids. The snow-storms of the Western mountains and of the high plains at their feet arise almost without warning, and the dry snow caught by the gale is rent into an impalpable powder, which is blown horizontally like a mist along the ground. Along a smooth surface this fine snow whirls without lodging, but wherever it encounters an obstacle it instantly forms a drift, and it curls into and masses deeply in the hollows. This snow mist is drawn together, as if into a funnel, by the strong winds that suck down through the cañons, and as it sifts rapidly into the channel cut through the snows on the line of the railroad track, it is beaten down hard by the wind, which packs it so solidly that sometimes a team and wagon can be driven across a snow-filled hollow without hoof or wheel sinking deeply enough to obstruct their progress.

Early in winter the liability of trains to encounter a blockade is comparatively slight. The snow-plough then can usually be forced through the snow, scattering it to left and right. The drifts thus created remain by the track without melting, and every storm adds to the walls of a narrow channel, which serves to catch and retain the snow whenever it is blowing. But from midwinter to mid-spring the thick clouds that hang about the mountain peaks break in earnest with driving winds; then the trains of the transcontinental lines that are so unfortunate as to be caught in a storm are usually brought to a standstill, and the passengers and train-men have a weary siege of it. Without warning, a dense cloud swirls down the mountain pass, borne on a suddenly risen and shrieking gale. The eye can scarcely penetrate, even for a few feet, the air thick with driving snow. Even when the day is mild and fair upon the plains below the foot-hills, a storm may be raging fiercely in the mountains, and at times when the sky is clear about the peaks a gusty wind may lift and bear onward the snow that fell at a former time, and cause serious drifting in the railroad cuts.

When it is found that the train is snow-bound and cannot proceed, the first effort of the train-men is to back it to a siding, if this manœuvre is successful, it is fortunate for the passengers, who can wait in comparative comfort while the snow-plough is being brought up and placed before the locomotive. Whether they are to remain for one day or ten is in such cases a matter of profound uncertainty. If the blockade occurs late in the winter, often several snow-ploughs, backed by powerful locomotives, are unable to penetrate the drifts upon the track. Then there is nothing to be done but for the train-men and all railroad laborers that can be summoned to fall to shovelling. The passengers, weary of sitting in the cars and anxious to proceed, often turn out and assist them. Within the coaches of the train there is usually a sufficiency of fuel, and the passengers seldom suffer from cold; but when the train is caught between stations, those travellers who have not provided themselves with well-stocked lunch baskets sometimes realize keenly the pangs of hunger before food can be got to them.

The peculiar difficulties developed in the way of snow blockades in the railways crossing the great mountain ranges have led to the invention of the rotary snow-plough. This machine is vastly more effective for its purpose than the "heater"-shaped plough formerly in general use, which depended for its usefulness upon the capacity of the locomotive to drive it like a wedge through the drifts. When the snow is of considerable depth or solidly packed, the old-style plough cannot penetrate it. The rotary plough, with its revolving cylinder, which works somewhat on the principle of the cylindrical knives of a hay-cutter, easily carves its way through snow, even when the drifts are of considerable depth and hardness. With snows so deep as those which sometimes fall in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, even so powerful a machine as the rotary plough cannot supplement the need of extensive shovelling, but the saving in labor and time effected by their introduction has been important.

The change caused in the appearance of a prairie or mountain landscape by a heavy, drifting snow is remarkable; the entire scene assumes so strange a look that even a person familiar with the locality often finds it difficult to identify the landmarks. The filling of hollows, and the formation of great drifts, the total disappearance of many objects, and the different appearance of others partially buried—make the whole aspect of the scenery seem strange. The illustration by Mr. Charles Graham depicts a scene of the recent protracted snow blockade in the Sierra Nevadas, when many miles of the Central Pacific Railroad disappeared beneath a solidly packed field of snow, the locality of the railway being indicated only by the telegraph poles, which for long distances barely peeped from the great drifts formed beyond the track.

On such an occasion snow-ploughs and shovellers work indefatigably night and day at both ends of the blockaded part of the road, and the busy wires, if haply they are not down and useless, announce their progress as a few miles at one or the other end are opened, or some half-buried train is rescued. Happy are the laborers if they effect their task without serious frost-bites or worse accidents, and before another storm arises to efface the result of their labors. When at last the two forces of workers have met, and the welcome news is telegraphed to head-quarters that the road is clear for through travel, the vestiges of the storm remain in the wrecked locomotives and snow-ploughs that have rolled down the embankments, and in the great walls of piled-up snow upon either side of the track.

SEEING THE METROPOLIS GROW.

HENRY ADAMS, in the lately published instalment of his *History of the United States*, reminds us that the population of New York city in 1790 was 33,000. In a hundred years this comparatively small community has grown into a metropolitan aggregate of 3,000,000 people, second only to that of London in numbers and importance. It matters not that the political boundaries of the city have not been advanced *pari passu* with its widening limits; the region within a radius of ten miles of the City Hall is none the less an organic and economic whole. Its life-blood circulation pulsates from the common heart as strongly in Brooklyn as in Harlem. The currents of humanity which are daily flowing back and forth across the East River and the Hudson are as permanent and regular as those which course north and south on Manhattan Island. The metropolis grows in the line of the least resistance, with more or less reference, perhaps, to nearness to the Post-office, but certainly with none to the factitious and hide-bound conditions of the municipal government. The vast aggregation of humanity which is collected about the harbor of New York, transacting the business at the main gateway and the financial and commercial capital of the nation, is practically one body, in virtue of local relation and community of interest, and must be so considered. Though there be several sets of public officers, as there were in London before its recent governmental consolidation, there is really but one city.

From 33,000 to 3,000,000 people in a hundred years represents a wonderful growth. But in contemplating it and the advances of shorter and late periods, the impression is apt to prevail that the observation is taken from a stationary standpoint; that a comparative, fixed condition of things has been reached, and that the chapter of marked progress is in a sense closed. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Never did the metropolis go spinning "down the ringing grooves of change" at a greater rate than it is going at present. Never were the evidences of growth and improvement more numerous and significant. There is activity in the old portions as well as in the new, due to the necessary adaptations to the movements of trade. A notable shifting of residence districts is taking place in consequence. Boarding-houses are supplanting private homes in many localities, and, in turn, many of the former are lapsing into tenements, or their neighborhoods become otherwise undesirable, and remain so until they are absorbed in the wholesale business region.

Retail establishments are pushing their way up Fifth Avenue and through Forty-second and other streets, so as to visibly affect large sections of the brown-stone districts. Brown-stone itself, once the exponent of wealth and uppertendom, has fallen from its high estate and descended to tenements. The gloomy and uniform architecture, too, that accompanied it has been succeeded by the fruits of better taste and by cheerful variety. The long and sombre corridors that constituted the old "uptown" streets are being gradually exchanged for brighter thoroughfares and houses built of less depressing material farther north. Between Central Park and the Hudson River the buildings are thickening with great rapidity, and a new residence district is already firmly established there. Flats continue to multiply ubiquitously.

Down-town a signal transformation is also going on. Wall Street would scarcely be recognized, save for a few old landmarks in the shape of public buildings, by one who had been away from it for a few years. At frequent intervals on Broadway and adjacent streets roofs may be seen mounting skyward in a way that amazes the returned wanderer. The hotel capacity of the city is being enlarged in prominent instances. The Metropolitan and Natural History museums are assuming dimensions and a character that make them a source of local pride, and among the new possessions is a picture-gallery which, though yet in its infancy, has suddenly risen to deserved fame. Fine and spacious club-houses have lately made their appearance in marked numbers, and others are in process of erection. One specially large and comprehensive place of amusement is rising on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. A large music hall has just been opened near Central Park, and a new opera-house is projected not far distant. Looming up in the mind's eye is the Protestant Cathedral, which, it is promised, will be the crowning architectural glory of the city—until something finer appears.

But the clearest indication of the onward and irresistible march of the metropolis is the degree to which it has outgrown its transportation facilities. The theory that the operators of public conveyance systems must supply their fares with seats, as is the practice in transatlantic cities, has become in New York a vague and distant memory. The elevated and surface railroads are taxed morning and evening to their full limits. Movements for relieving the pressure and meeting the growing demand have been agitated for several years, and the State Legislature is this winter imperatively called upon to give serious and prompt consideration to measures whereby the desired end may be attained. The inadequacy of means of transit on Manhattan Island has added materially to an increase of population in Brooklyn, which, without such help, would have proceeded

FERTILE IN EXPEDIENTS.

PAYING TELLER. "I tell you I can't help it if your name is Malone: you can't get the money on that check unless you are identified."

MALONE. "Hould a bit, wid ye! Oi'll bring Jim Maginnis in an' inthroduce ye to him, an' begorra he kin oidentifoy us both. Phat name, sir?"

with sufficient rapidity. The East River Bridge also testifies with its overcrowded traffic to the steady enlargement of the general metropolitan community. An improvement in the terminal facilities of the bridge is about to be made, and soon its full possible capacity will be reached. Already it performs a much greater service than it was intended to accommodate. Meanwhile the ferries push their business with unabated industry. Projects for other bridges are on foot, and a bill providing for one at Grand Street is now before the Legislature. Still another, with piers resting on Blackwell's Island, is foreshadowed. A tunnel under the East River is likewise contemplated. Not long since a new ferry was established between the Battery and South Brooklyn. This part of the city is persistently pressing its way toward the Narrows. The time is not far distant when it will be facing Staten Island at short range, which, in its turn, will soon furnish dock terminals to the railroads from the South and West. A bridge has already been thrown across one of the kills to the main-land, and the transportation connection with the water front will result in an important development of the resources of our matchless harbor, as well as multiply the warehouses, factories, dwellings, and general business of the island.

Elevated railways have been inaugurated in Brooklyn on as extensive a scale as in New York. Already three lines radiate, fan-like, from the end of the bridge, and as the room for growth is unlimited and unobstructed on all sides save that of the river, the process that is going on is readily comprehensible. It can be seen how the interdependence of the different parts of the metropolitan centre is linking them together with new bands; and more and more means of intercourse will be established across the dividing rivers as the consolidating process and the need grow stronger. The tunnel which is being carried under the Hudson is another sign of the times, as well as the new aqueduct, which will much more than double the water supply. A better system of pavements is also about to be inaugurated, and the noise and roughness of our present stony streets will gradually give place to comparative quiet and ease.

So much for some of the physical evidences that New York is moving along on a swift current of increase and improvement. The census is not needed to tell the story to the observing. And especially of late years, with this outward growth there has been an inward strengthening of the metropolitan character of the city. More than ever the mental equipment of men of the first rank, wherever born and reared in the country, sends them to New York. It is the same tendency that has been revealed in Great Britain. The literary activity of Edinburgh found its way to London. Has not that of Boston similarly drifted to New York? That the metropolitan bar attracts lawyers of the highest ability from elsewhere, as the loadstone does the needle, cannot be questioned. More and more, too, does the city confirm its financial supremacy. Banking, railroad, commercial, and manufacturing chiefs, as a rule, have their head-quarters here. The contest for the location of the World's Fair of 1892 has done something toward awakening in the minds of many people a proper appreciation of what this metropolitan centre really is. And yet it is but in a state of rapid transition into something greater.

There is a time in the far future when New York will cease to grow, but it is not within a calculable distance. Mr. Gladstone has warned his countrymen that the commercial supremacy of the world may be transferred to these shores before many years, and no authority has yet appeared to place a limit to the population of the United States. Mr. John Fiske, who is not given to extravagances, in his paper on "Manifest Destiny," mentions 600,000,000 as the not improbable population of the United States a century hence. The stream which is carrying the nation thus forward is not leaving its metropolis behind. This much at least is evident to any citizen noting the activities around him, the changes already going on, and those about to be inaugurated. It is all important that there should be a realization of the steady growth and expansion of the city on the part of those who are wrestling with the problem of its outgrown clothes.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

MONEY AND SECURITIES.

FOR the first time in many weary weeks the Stock Exchange markets have begun to give signs of life. During the last quarter of 1889 those markets were held continuously in check by the high rates for money, and the activity in the money market continued well into the present month. As long as it was evident that an effort to stimulate trading on the Stock Exchange would be promptly reflected in greater stringency in the loan market, it was useless for any of the large interests centring in Wall Street to attempt to attract the public to that locality. While money worked closely, a speculative element that is ever present in Wall Street, and ever ready to emphasize the misfortunes that now and then overtake the schemes of their fellow-men, was enabled to make a good deal of an impression upon prices, especially as one untoward incident followed another with an appearance of fatality. Of course developments favorable to better prices for various securities were passed unnoticed during that period, and continuing influences that affect values generally, like large and increasing railroad earnings, were perforce ignored. It is almost needless to add that Wall Street, which is a very impatient community, became gloomy and pessimistic during this period; and when the market failed to start up, as many people expected or hoped it would, immediately after the first of the year, expressions of despair were wellnigh universal in the environs of the Stock Exchange.

The week now closing has witnessed something of a change at the financial centre of the country. In the first place, the supply of loanable funds at New York has been materially increased since the beginning of the year. The surplus of the reserves of the Associated City Banks, which was down to almost nothing a month ago, has now reached figures that show that the banks can increase their accommodations without inconvenience. Borrowers of all classes can now obtain the funds required in their business without paying rates that make serious inroads into profits. The average rate for call loans on pledge of acceptable Stock Exchange collateral was 4 per cent. yesterday, and to-day 3 per cent. fairly represented the market. Time money is offered in large amounts at 4 per cent. for four months on pledge of dividend-paying securities. A little higher rate is exacted on mixed collateral. First-class borrowers having Stock Exchange connections are being pressed to take time money at these figures. The relaxation has also extended to the market for commercial paper, so that mercantile houses in good credit can dispose of their bills receivable at 5 per cent. as against 6½ to 7 per cent. thirty days ago, and prime single name paper can be disposed of at 5½ per cent. A description of the money market would not be complete that did not note that lenders or their agents are now seeking employment for their funds, whereas during the last three months of 1889 borrowers, as a rule, had to importune them for accommodations, and submit to whatever rate might be made.

The change that has taken place in the money market is noted in detail because of its important relation to the market for securities, and it now looks as if that change would be turned to account by people who can make or unmake that market. A steady advance in the prices for a number of the leading stocks, that has been accomplished without any demonstration of a flippant character, has inspired a good deal of confidence in a class of people who are always ready to take an interest in the stock-market, or increase an existing one, when they think they detect a definite tendency of prices, especially if the tendency is toward improvement. The result has been a gradual increase in the volume of transactions, and a perceptible broadening of the market. This is true not only of the stock-market, which the superficial observer is liable to accept as the only index of the course of events in Wall Street, but also of the bond market. When there is an active demand for good railroad bonds and other investment securities, it is quite safe to assume that an increase in speculation is not far distant. It reflects legitimate business in the security market, and there can be no better basis for dealings in less substantial issues. With time money down to 4 per cent., large corporations, like insurance companies, which must get every cent possible out of their resources, will turn their cash into safe bonds that will yield 5 to 6 per cent. Capitalists pursue the same policy, and both endeavor to buy such bonds as they want before a new equilibrium is established between a relaxing money market and that for securities.

While the stock-market seems to reflect something approaching unanimity of action on the part of the principal manufacturers of and dealers in railway and kindred securities, they must be conscious of the influences that are likely to retard a return of the public to Wall Street, or at least lead it to exercise unusual caution in doing so. The memory of the average habitué of Wall Street is proverbially short, and, judging from the many distressing experiences of those who invest their money in railway stocks and bonds, the mind of the public is not more retentive than that of the broker it employs. It remains to be seen if both will forget or assume to ignore the blows that have been struck at confidence in the Reading episode, and by the persistent efforts of the creditors of the Atchison Company to secure control of that corporation after the stockholders have made every concession that they have been asked to make in the interests of the bondholders. An enumeration of other conditions affecting the stock-market would exceed the space already devoted to the monetary situation. At the moment, it seems necessary simply to note that the money market at this centre has reached the condition that it usually does at this time of the year, and that the opportunity to stimulate business in Wall Street that is thus afforded seems likely to be improved.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, Saturday, *January* 25, 1890.

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AMERICAN CHORAL SOCIETIES AND CONDUCTORS.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

NO one who has not been, or is not, a member of a singing society can appreciate the significance which amateurchoral culture has attained in this country as the promoter of musical love, taste, and understanding. Distantly it may be apprehended by such a one; fully understood and justly measured it cannot be. These singing societies which are springing up and flourishing throughout the sections of our country where the influences of New York and New England are felt, even in the sparsely settled States and Territories of the distant Northwest (Yankton, Dakota, heard *The Messiah* last April), are the characteristic feature of latter-day musical culture; and they tell more of the spread of that gentleness and refinement of feeling which is the best fruit of music than any other artistic activity that our present civilization discloses. Under other circumstances I might say that the love and practice of chamber music are the truest touchstone of musical culture; but chamber music, in its best estate, is your aristocrat among musical forms, and its blessings are for the specially gifted few. The spirit of genuine artistic democracy is the inspiration of choral culture, however, and marvellously puissant is the influence which it exerts. It makes little difference whether the singing society be a proud metropolitan organization which piles up its hundreds of singers in terraces for the annual Christmas-tide production of *The Messiah*, or a country choir that looks up to "Sound the Loud Timbrel" as the pinnacle of its wildest ambition, the influence which it sends through its community, like currents from so many galvanic batteries, is the most potent and helpful medium which the art of music has. It is thus potent and helpful because it is the best of all schools for teaching the things which the people most need. If every city, town, village, and hamlet in America were suddenly to become possessed of an earnest determination to be musical (in fact, not merely in affectation) there would be no need of swelling the number of music teachers already in the country by even one. Not one finger more would need be taught to walk "with gentle gait" o'er "dancing chips," not one poor head more would need to be bewildered by confusing talk of "registers" and "pharynx" and "larynx" and "vocal chords." The things truly needful might and should unconsciously be taught in the meetings of singing societies—love of music and the art of listening to it. To sing in a choir is the quickest, surest, and best way to become intimate with music, to get close to the seat of its emotional life, where its heart-throbs can be felt and heard; to "experience" it, as your good Methodist class-leader would say; to hold communion with its gentle saints and glorious heroes; and meanwhile to lay up a store of artistic treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and with which memory can delight itself even after the voice of the singer,

> "Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound."

Such are the gracious ministrations of singing societies; and those who have been under them for any length of time will forever after cherish that sentiment toward music which "passeth understanding," and does a world more good than those kinds of practical knowledge that are commonly looked upon as essential to good social form. I read in my newspaper to-day of thousands of Welsh miners gathering in various towns and villages in Pennsylvania for their annual competition in choir singing; I remember the enthusiasm with which a New York conductor, who had acted as adjudicator at one of these festivals, spoke of the singing of choir after choir composed of miners and factory "hands," and recall the tales I have heard of girls in Pennsylvania mills and factories refreshing themselves while at work by singing the soprano and contralto parts of choruses by Handel and Haydn, hour after hour, without book, and I feel the needlessness of asking whether such facts are or are not a truer evidence of musical culture than the possession of a box at the opera or the ability to twiddle the fingers amazingly over the keyboard of a piano-forte.

Practically, amateur singing societies are the products of the nineteenth century, and they have flourished as luxuriantly on American soil as any other. Had it not been that the dominant religious spirit of New England and New York in the early colonial days was severely antagonistic to all ornate music, I am inclined to think that the honor of giving them birth would have belonged to this country instead of Germany.

It is said that Handel's *Messiah* was sung in Trinity Church, New York, with organ accompaniment in the year 1770. If the statement be true it is in the highest degree significant and interesting. The oratorio was then less than twenty-eight years old, and I greatly doubt whether it had ever before been sung by choristers who were amateurs in the same sense that the singers of Trinity were amateurs. The choir, I am inclined to believe, was then a volunteer organization chiefly recruited from the boys of the charity school. The statement has also been made, but not substantiated by proofs, that New York possessed choral societies as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century. It would be a feather in the cap of the city if this could be demonstrated, for choral societies, in the sense that we understand the term, were unknown at that time in Europe. Neither Handel nor Bach ever heard his choral works sung by a choir as large as is commanded by any one of five hundred choir-masters in the United States to-day. This is a reflection calculated to illustrate one phase of the tremendous change that has been wrought in musical culture by the introduction of volunteer choruses. In the operas of Handel, his predecessors and contemporaries, a chorus seldom, if ever, meant more than a union of all the solo singers. Bach produced his *Passions* in Leipsic with a dozen choristers, and I doubt whether Handel ever heard fifty voices unite in a performance of his *Messiah*. Even at the great Commemoration of 1784 in Westminster Abbey, which was commemorated by Dr. Burney by the publication of a book, and was the most stupendous choral affair heard of up to that time, the choir numbered only 275 voices. It is therefore scarcely surprising that though there were singing societies in Boston before the Handel and Haydn Society, they left but a slight impression upon the sands of time, and served for little else than to show how strong was the amateur desire to supply the place of the professional organizations which did the choral work for Europe, and to prove the rule of the restrictive force of religious prejudice. Nearly two centuries of musical waste lie between the landing of the Pilgrims and the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society in 1815. Seventy-five years before this date the contest as to the righteousness or wickedness of singing psalm tunes by note was still raging in Boston, and there was no lack of pious persons who believed that the limit of musical enjoyment in divine service was that set by the Puritan Confession of Faith, adopted in 1572, which allowed unisonal, but not concerted, antiphonal, or accompanied singing, this style being described as "tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with the intermingling of organs." Billings, the "American Cyclops," as he was called because of his one eye, a fellow of amazing impudence and energy, but the crudest knowledge and taste in music, from whom descended the tribe of "convention leaders," not yet extinct, did little to improve popular taste, but much to create a liking for choir singing, and must be credited with yeoman service in clearing the way for societies like the notable Handel and Haydn, which threw off the crude old singing-book yoke and found their inspiration and reward in the classics.

In New York the situation was no better so long as the Dutch influence was dominant, and it must be remembered that the social régime of the Dutch outlived the political many years. Between the Puritanism of the New England colonists and the Calvinism of the Dutch and French Huguenot settlers of New York, music had little choice. But when Trinity Church became a social power, an amendment in the popular attitude followed, and, it would appear, very quickly—a fact due, probably, in a measure, to the more mixed character of New York's population, as well as to the artistic trend of the Episcopal service. The spread of choral societies through the sections of country which drew their inspiration from New York and New England was amazingly rapid; how rapid can be illustrated in no better manner than by appeal to the annals of Cincinnati as a representative city of the West. The first white settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio River was made where Marietta now stands, in 1788, less than one hundred and two years ago. In December of the same year, Cincinnati, or Losantiville, as it was called for a time, was laid out by a party of men from New Jersey. When the nineteenth century opened, the town consisted of a few frame and log houses near a fort, to which a population of about seven hundred and fifty souls looked for protection from the Indians. In 1815 a John McCormick in Cincinnati was already advertising for subscriptions to a book of choral music to be called *The Western Harmonist*, which the author had had in "contemplation for many years," and hoped would "furnish *the different societies* with the most useful tunes and anthems." In the year which saw the birth of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, therefore, there were already several singing societies in the brisk little town on the Ohio River. I confess the record staggers me; but everything is surprising in connection with the spread of choral music after the propriety of artistic singing in church had once been established. Four years later, in 1819, the Haydn Society, composed of the best singers of "the different societies" (church choirs, doubtless) to which Mr. McCormick had made appeal, gave a concert, and, besides a number of popular anthems of English composers, sang "The Marvellous Work," from Haydn's *Creation*, an oratorio that had been sung in its entirety for the first time in America only two years before by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. All this happened, be it remembered, within a generation of the first settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio River, and scarcely more

CARL ZERRAHN, OF BOSTON, CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL OF THE "HANDEL AND HAYDN" AT BUMSTEAD HALL.

WALTER DAMROSCH, OF NEW YORK.—"LADIES, B FLAT IS NOT B NATURAL!"

than twenty years after the time when the members of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati (who, however, were not active in the musical movement) were subject to fine, under a rule of the church, if they came to meeting without their rifles ready to resist an Indian attack.

Nearly three generations of Bostonians have been trained to love the choral classics by the venerable Handel and Haydn Society, which came into being in the hall of Gottlieb Graupner, early in 1815. Graupner was a German musician who had played in some of Haydn's concerts in London. He then came to America, living for a time on Prince Edward Island, and in Charleston, S. C., before taking up his abode in Boston. Mr. Laurence Hutton, writing a few months ago in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, discovered him to be the original American negro minstrel, quoting a mention in an old book to the effect that "a Mr. Graupner" had sung "The Gay Negro Boy" in character, accompanying himself on the banjo, at the end of the second act of *Oroonoko*, on December 30, 1799, at the Federal Street Theatre. This record suggests a bit of curious inquiry, and illustrates the pervasiveness of this German musical pioneer's influence. He was the leading piano-forte teacher in Boston eighty years ago, was a professional hautboyist, played the double-bass in the orchestra which took part in the early concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, was one of the founders of this society, and kept a music shop. Now, as if this were not enough, Mr. Hutton is seeking also to present him in the character of "the father of negro song." It must be confessed that he is not uninteresting even in the light of these honors. He married a musical lady of Charleston, and it was doubtless in that city that he became acquainted with the banjo. He had been a resident of Boston only a year when he is represented as singing "The Gay Negro Boy," and was at the time not only fresh from his observations of slave music, but perhaps also sufficiently in need of money to be willing to try to mend his fortunes by singing negro songs and playing the banjo in public. Mr. Dwight, and all the historians of musical Boston, agree in doing him honor as an influence of great potency in the betterment of the crude taste which came over from the last century.

Two circumstances can be quoted from the early history of the Handel and Haydn Society to accentuate the great change that has been wrought in artistic and social methods within three-quarters of a century. In the first years of the society women played an exceedingly small rôle in its activities. The admission of half a dozen of them in 1817 caused considerable controversy in the councils of the society, and, strange as it may sound to the ears of the choristers and choir-masters of to-day, even after they had been admitted in large numbers, they did not help the artistic effect of the singing. This was not because they had poor voices, but because the custom of distributing the voices as nature designed them to be distributed had not yet gained foothold. In the first oratorio performances in Boston the treble part was sung by boys and men, and the tenor part was given to the women. The use of boys to carry the treble was not novel, but borrowed from European practice (as near as I can make it out from the old records, there were only thirteen women in the 275 choristers of the Handel Commemoration in 1784); but I fancy that tenor women were a New England invention. They survived in the smaller towns and villages until not many decades back. I myself was startled a few years ago by hearing the strange effect in a home in the Naugatuck Valley, where a family party was singing a hymn. The employment of tenor voices to carry the soprano seems to me also a New England phenomenon. The second circumstance will not appear quite so startling to those who remember how universal was the custom of drinking spirits two generations ago. It was part of the duty of the superintendent at the rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn Society, in its early years, to provide liquor for the men in an anteroom. Thither the male members repaired in the intervals of rest to "tune up," as the slang of that day had it.

So rapid was the progress of the Handel and Haydn Society, so wise its early administration, that within eight years of its foundation its friends felt it to be strong enough and dignified enough to justify an invitation to Beethoven to compose an original oratorio for it. The evidence is exceedingly meagre in the premises, but there is no doubt that Beethoven seriously considered the proposition for a while (though, I fear, more in the light of a pot-boiler than otherwise), but eventually permitted other work to drive it out of his head. It chanced to come to him at the time when the idea of composing music for Goethe's *Faust*, suggested by Rochlitz, was filling his brain. This project, however, like that of the Boston oratorio, was sacrificed to the Ninth Symphony and the last quartettes. There can be no doubt that much of the progress of the society from the crude ideals and mistaken methods of the early days to the lofty ideals and achievements which it attained within two or three decades after its foundation was due to the influence of German musicians, beginning with Graupner, just as it reached the high-water mark of its efficiency and influence for good under the artistic direction of the German who is still at the post which he accepted in September, 1854. For more than a generation Carl Zerrahn has, by virtue of his position as conductor of the venerable Boston Society, been the most conspicuous chorus leader in America. He came here as flautist of the Germania Orchestra, which, under Carl Bergmann, made a tour of the country in the early thirties. When the orchestra disbanded, Bergmann recommended him as conductor to the Handel and Haydn Society, and that office he has filled ever since. At its concerts, and the festivals given annually in Worcester and other New England towns, as well as in Petersburg, Virginia (where the enthusiasm and energy of a German merchant and musical amateur are developing a beautiful activity in choral culture), his tall and martial figure, firm beat, and inspiriting word of command have often stimulated his forces to an enthusiastic charge up the choral hill to a sonorous climax, or indicated a gentle descent down to the plain where lie the tents of a restful and refreshing closing cadence. Mr. Zerrahn was born in Malchow, grand duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, on July 28, 1826.

In the West, some of the finest achievements in choral song have been due directly to the influence of the Germans, but this is not true of New York, except so far as that influence has come from professional musicians. The Oratorio Society, which must be ranked high among organizations of its kind the world over, was called into existence by Dr. Damrosch, a German (or, to be exact, a Germanized Hebrew), who, moreover, had been brought to America by the Männergesangverein Arion, a distinctively German organization; but it is only a manifestation of a spirit that has existed in the city ever since the early years of the century, and that has had more incarnations than Vishnu. Its immediate predecessors were the Church Music Association (which died of too much aristocracy, and a tendency imported from England, through one of its conductors, Charles E. Horsley, to give the lie to its name by singing scenes from operas), the Mendelssohn Union, and the Harmonic Society. I mention only these three as being all within the recollection of the present generation. From the Harmonic Society the Oratorio Society accepted the beautiful mission of giving a performance of *The Messiah* every year, in Christmas week. But though the Oratorio Society now embraces the elements (or their natural successors) of the societies which preceded it, it is almost unique in its genesis. It was not created by a schism, as such choirs usually are, but was developed originally from a small party of Dr. Damrosch's friends who met in his house in the spring of 1873. Only fifteen or eighteen persons took part in its first study meeting, but they were earnest music lovers, and an influence which has lived in this department of musical culture for over a century—the influence of Trinity Church or its parishes—soon enlisted elements which brought it to public notice. Dr. Damrosch's beautiful zeal and intelligent administration of the artistic affairs of the society cared for the rest, and when he died, in February, 1885, the society was perhaps more firmly grounded than any of its predecessors had ever been. In its twelve years of existence it had produced Bach's mighty *Passion*, according to St. Matthew; Berlioz's *Messe de Morts*, Brahms's *German Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Alexander's Feast*, *L'Allegro*, etc., and *Israel in Egypt*; Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons*; Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elijah*; Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, besides two cantatas composed by Dr. Damrosch, and a large number of smaller works and parts of works. No feature of a conductor's work exacts so many qualities as the training of a choral society. The work of the singers is voluntary and wearisome; upon the conductor devolves the duty of keeping up their interest while putting them through weeks and months of drudgery. This is impossible unless the leader be a man of complete devotion to his art, of broad human sympathies, liberal tastes, and one with the ability to enforce discipline and sway the minds as well as the emotions of the singers. All these qualities Dr. Damrosch possessed in a marked degree. He knew well how to impart the love he felt for the masterpieces of musical art to those whom he was training. It was his habit to interlard technical instruction with expositions of the contents of the work under study. When the music was of a kind which appealed powerfully to his musical sensibilities, it was not at all infrequent that he worked himself into a state of great emotional exaltation, which communicated itself to the singers and made them forget all about the physical weariness produced by study and practice. There was an affectionate feeling between him and his singers, to which, unquestionably, the rapid growth of the Oratorio Society in numbers and efficiency was greatly due. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of his son Walter, who had associated himself with his father in the artistic work of the Oratorio Society in 1877, when he became accompanist. There has been much that is factitious, and adventitious also, in the rapid advance which young Mr. Damrosch has made to one of the most influential and significant positions in the country; and careful observation of his work, from its beginning down to the present moment, has compelled me to believe that in his case what might be is better, truer, more beautiful, and more pregnant with honor than what is; but it is a pleasure to bear witness to so brilliant a demonstration of capacity as a chorus leader as he gave last season, when the Oratorio Society performed Eduard Grell's unaccompanied mass in sixteen parts; and, further, to record the fact that the society has lost nothing in strength of organization or popularity during the five years that he has been at its head.

In New York the German influence, which I

W. L. TOMLINS, OF CHICAGO.

JOSEPH MOSENTHAL, OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN, OF NEW YORK.

have mentioned as being peculiarly potent in some of the phases of choral culture in the West, has borne fruit of a pleasant kind by encouraging the cultivation of part-songs for men's voices. Organizations like the Mendelssohn Club exist in nearly all the large cities of the country, but I know none that compares in performance with the Mendelssohn Club. Except in the matter of virility and dramatic forcefulness, when those qualities are demanded by the music, the club's singing is as perfect as any one can ever expect to hear. For this much credit is due to Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, who has been its leader for many years. Considerations of health have taken him abroad, but he is still nominally the conductor of the club, and his methods of training are perpetuated by Mr. Arthur Woodruff, who is leading the club this year. Mr. Mosenthal, for a full generation, was a highly influential organist of the Episcopal Church in New York, but resigned from Calvary Church rather than yield to the fashionable craze for boy choirs, a craze which, I may be permitted to say in passing, is working great injury to the artistic quality of the musical services in the American metropolis and, I doubt not, elsewhere. He is also a violinist, and came to New York from Cassel, where he was a pupil of Spohr, and his name will always be associated with the names of Theodore Thomas, William Mason, and Frederick Bergner in the history of chamber music in America. The existence of such clubs as the Mendelssohn, and its most formidable rival, the Apollo of Brooklyn, is due directly to the love for male chorus music introduced into America by the Germans. The attachment of the German to the institutions of his father-land is exemplified more forcibly in the Männerchöre and Liedertafel, to be found wherever there is a considerable community of citizens of German birth, than in anything else. To New York the sentiment has given two of the most prosperous social clubs of which the city boasts (the Liederkranz and the Männergesangverein Arion); but these clubs differ from the ordinary social club of America in that their purpose is not only to promote the congeniality and good-fellowship which the German loves, in a manner which does not preclude the participation of his wife and children, but also to cultivate the art to which as a people the Germans are most devoted. Both of the clubs mentioned support choruses—the Liederkranz one of mixed voices, conducted by Mr. Reinhold L. Herman; the Arion one of men's voices, conducted by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken. Since 1849, when the first festival of German singers was held in Cincinnati, a Sängerfest has been held in some city of the Union nearly every year.

The North American Sängerbund aims to hold a festival biennially. Popular interest has died out in these great gatherings to some extent, but festivals have been held in which as many as 3000 singers participated. Candor compels the confession that at most of these festivals the worship of Gambrinus was more industriously cultivated than the worship of Apollo, but they have, nevertheless, done great service in spreading musical culture throughout the country. Indirectly Cincinnati, where the German festivals started, and which now enjoys the reputation of being pre-eminently the festival city of America, through the merit of her great biennial music festivals, established by Theodore Thomas in 1873, owes her Music Hall, Festival Association, Exposition Buildings, College of Music, and Art Museum to the influence of the German Sängerfests. A hall built for one of the Sängerfests proved to be so useful a structure that it was preserved. The Expositions were called into being to occupy the hall. Then Mr. Thomas developed the festival idea, and after two festivals had been given, with great success, the public spirit of Cincinnati's citizens brought forth the fine fruit of the permanent buildings which are now one of the chief ornaments of the city. And so the good work went on. Originally the festivals (of which the ninth will be held next May) relied for their chorus on the co-operation of the various singing societies of the city and adjacent country, but very soon a permanent choral organization was formed, and ever since, this organization, which numbers about 500 voices, has been the festival choir. It was the May festival that brought Mr. Otto Singer to Cincinnati. He had come to New York in 1869 on the recommendation of Liszt, to take a position in the Conservatory of Music projected by Theodore Thomas and William Mason, and when that educational enterprise was abandoned in 1873, Mr. Thomas sent him to Cincinnati to train the festival chorus. In New York he was the accompanist and assistant of Mr. Thomas in the conduct of the Mendelssohn Union, which is no longer in existence. His activities in the choral line since 1880 have been devoted chiefly to some of the German societies of Cincinnati. Mr. Singer is a native of Saxony, was born in 1833, and was a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory from 1851 to 1854. He is a radical of radicals in his musical creed, and has labored hard to advance the Liszt cult in America. The choral successes of the Cincinnati festivals of 1882, 1884, and 1886 were largely due to the zeal and capacity of Mr. Arthur Mees, who has, since the year last mentioned, found a congenial and profitable field for his labors in New York. Mr. Louis Ehrgott, a young musician native to Cincinnati, is now the trainer of the chorus.

The Cincinnati festivals have been productive of much good in encouraging the giving of festivals and elevating the standard of choral work throughout the country. In some notable instances the influence of the festivals was transmitted directly through persons concerned in the affairs. Thus the most ambitious of Philadelphia's choral efforts for many years have been due to Cincinnati's example and the practical encouragement extended by the Cincinnati Association to one of Philadelphia's musicians. In 1881 the Cincinnati Festival Association offered a prize of $1000 for the best choral work by an American composer. The prize was awarded to Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, teacher, organist, conductor, and composer, of Philadelphia, for his "Forty-sixth Psalm." In May, 1882, Mr. Gilchrist heard his music performed, and, as may be imagined, returned to his Eastern home full of enthusiastic purposes. He was at the time conductor of the West Philadelphia Choral Society, Amphion Society of Germantown, and a small society called The Arcadian. At his suggestion these three societies organized the Philadelphia Music Festival Association, which gave two festivals in the Academy of Music in 1883 and 1884, under the leadership of Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Charles M. Schmitz, with a chorus of 550 voices. In organizing this chorus, a Cincinnati experience was repeated. It cost the life of the societies that had called it into existence; but though financial failure compelled the abandonment of festival-giving, the choir survives in the Philadelphia Chorus, whose concerts are highly creditable to the city, as well as to the society. At the performance of *The Messiah*, under the direction of Mr. Gilchrist, on December 20th, the choir, reinforced for the occasion, numbered 600 voices, and its performance was described as the best ever heard in Philadelphia. Mr. Gilchrist was born in Jersey City, in January, 1846; he is wholly American in education, and has devoted himself exclusively to music since he was twenty years old. He conducts, in addition to the Philadelphia Chorus, the Mendelssohn Club, the Germantown Choral Society, and the Tuesday Club of Wilmington, whose singers united with the Philadelphia Chorus in this year's Christmas-tide performance of *The Messiah*. The musical life of Philadelphia contains one feature which is very suggestive of food for reflection. This is the choir of children in the Gethsemane Baptist Church. This unique organization furnishes a solution of the question which confronts choir masters in some communities: "How shall the choir be recruited?" It was organized fifteen or twenty years ago under the pastorate of the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, now dead, at whose request it was called "The Pastor's Choir." As many as two hundred children are taught the rudiments of singing and music in this choir by Mr. Henry J. Keely, and from it not only the choir proper of the church, but many other musical organizations have been recruited. It occupies a gallery of its own in the church during service, and contributes greatly to its artistic beauty and devotional impressiveness. It is a profound pity that the sound principle underlying this organization has not more general recognition in the churches. If it had, much greater praise would be challenged by the worship music of New York than can be given it under existing circumstances.

As a matter of fact, the instances in which music sung in the churches can be called worship music even by courtesy are few. The Episcopal churches are eaten up by the rage for surpliced choirs, which are increasing in number and decreasing in efficiency with every year. The fact that they please the eye is supposed to make amends for their frequent assaults on the ear. There are quite a number of the churches of other denominations which employ choruses, but the rule is still the solo quartette, and really efficient chorus choirs of mixed voices (which stand for the highest and best things in this department of art) are comparatively few, and are maintained with great difficulty. How to keep up the interest of volunteer singers in work which does not hold out even the little reward to be found in the exciting incidents of a public concert is the great problem confronting choir masters. Wealthy churches do fairly well by hiring the singers, but I fancy that if it were generally known how much interest might be aroused by the arrangement of choir lofts so as to admit of effective antiphonal services (as in the case of the Gethsemane Church), and the cultivation of such services, the result might be very considerably to stimulate interest in worship music.

Social considerations play a great rôle in choral culture, and cannot be overlooked even by the most zealous devotee of pure art. Among the most notable examples of what can be done by appeal to the feeling of exclusiveness and the promise of social brilliancy in connection with choir singing which the history of music in America can boast, stand two of the societies in New York which are directed by Mr. William R. Chapman. These are the Rubinstein Club, devoted exclusively to part-songs for women's voices, and the Metropolitan Musical Society, a mixed choir. The concerts of these two organizations, which are yet new, excite predominantly a social interest. Full-dress in the concert-room, admission

OTTO SINGER, OF CINCINNATI.